

MASSILLON DAILY INDEPENDENT.

FOURTH YEAR.

MASSILLON, O., SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 21, 1891.

PRICE THREE CENTS.

HUMBERGER'S

20 DAY
Clearance--Sale.

The crowds of people that visit our stores fully appreciate the

SWEEPING REDUCTIONS
made in every department.

Our stock of Plush Coats, long and short, are selling at about half price. Don't wait, they won't last long.

Don't forget the Stylish Garments, your choice for \$5.00. See them. This is the greatest bargain ever offered in this city. Respectfully,

Warwick Block. HUMBERGER'S

COLEMAN. THE JEWELER

New and Complete stock in all the very latest styles.

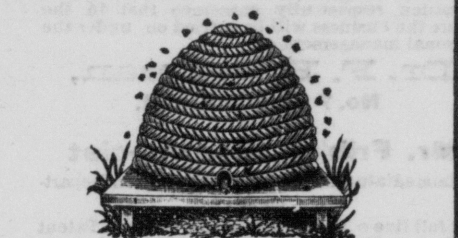
Sterling SILVERWARE,
Dozens, Half Dozens, Single pieces.

Diamonds,
Watches

Jewelry.
Largest Stock in the City
NO. 5 ERIE STREET.

One Week Yet!

OF THE GREAT
Winter Clearance Sale
AT THE
Massillon Bee Hive



CASH STORE.

We are determined that the interest shall be fully maintained to the close of the sale, and therefore add many special drives.

But have space to mention but a few. One case of 44 Bleached Muslin at 8 cents per yard, can now be seen in one of the west windows. It is the best value yet given at that price. The rush to the 5c unbleached sheeting still continues, but we have plenty for all. The job in ladies' Gossamer at 25c each will not last long. Ask for our Ladies' All Wool Jersey Jacket at \$2.50; it cannot be duplicated in the city for the price. The sale on Russell Remnants at 50 cents per yard is being greatly appreciated by all.

Respectfully,
ALLMAN & PUTMAN.

SEE GEORGE SNYDER

Before you buy your

BOOTS AND SHOES

Miss Helen Ryder

Will continue the
INSURANCE BUSINESS

Formerly conducted by her father at the old stand

Over Diehlmann's Clothing Store
SOUTHERN STREET.

**E. D. Wileman,
ENGINEER & SURVEYOR,**
OFFICE IN WARWICK BLOCK.

All work accurately and promptly attended to. P. O. Box 47.
Real Estate bought, sold and exchanged

A Fountain Pen for 10 Cents.
The new fountain pen is much better than the old favorite, and in many respects as good as its high-priced brother. The Independent Co.

NOT IN IT

It is useless to hunt for a thing when it isn't there. It will be useless for customers to expect to find any profits on our goods in February. "Make room for Spring Stock is the order of the month, and make room we will.

THE BOTTOM IS OUT

Of our prices for this month and our friends are invited to help themselves. We shall be glad to wrap up the goods, furnish twine and clerical work, but

THERE'S NOTHING IN IT

For us. If you want Clothing, Underware, Gloves, and Caps, at the same price we pay New York wholesalers. Come in and take the goods away.

C. M. Whitman,

THE ORIGINAL AND ONLY STRICTLY

One Price Clothier, Hatter & Furnisher,
IN MASSILLON.

ERHARD & SCHIMKE

BREWERS AND BOTTLERS.

MASSILLON, O.



50 NEW STYLE CARRIAGES

Fines Selection Ever Shown in the City at

WILLAMAN'S FURNITURE

—AND—
Undertaking Rooms
42 and 44 S. Erie St.

CITY LIVERY!

P. GRIBBLE, Proprietor

First-Class in all its Appointments

Commercial Trade Solicited. Prompt Delivery.

Telephone 77.

THEY ARE CHEAP AND ALL THE RAGE,

BLACK CHEVIOTS.

We have them in all the different weaves, also a

Choice Line of New Woolens
Of the very latest styles, which we are making up at very popular prices.

LOWE THE TAILOR, OPERA BLOCK, SECOND FLOOR.

REAL ESTATE BULLETIN.

For Sale—Residences
Four room house, South Erie street, corner lot, \$1,400

Four room (double) house, two out-kitchens \$2,000

Six room house, double lot, Richville Ave. \$1,500.

Seven roomed house, Wallman street, \$2,700

For Rent.

Store room, Stone Block.

Store room in Opera Block, now occupied by Goodhart Bros. Possession given April 1st, 1891.

Business Property.

Ninety-two feet front on Erie street, on P. W. & C. Ry., and Ohio canal. Unexcelled location for manufacturing.

Vacant Lots.

One lot on West Tremont street, \$425

One lot on South Erie street, \$600.

Two lots on Weichter street, \$225.

Four lots in Kent-Jarvis' add. add. \$300 to \$425

Nineteen lots in my Richville Ave. add. \$24

One lot on South Erie street, in Julia M. Jarv. subdiv. \$550.

One lot on East Main street, best lot on the street \$2,100.

One lot just off West Tremont street, \$300.

Six lots near the C. & L. & W. and W. & L. S. rd. roads, \$300.

Also have on my list many choice Western land for sale or exchange, and many other bargains.

Easy Terms.

Long Time, Low Interest

CALL AND SEE MR.

JAS. R. DUNN,

THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK.

MASSILLON, OHIO.

A. HUNT, President.

GEO. HARSH, Vice President.

C. STEEN, Cashier.

J. M. SCHUCKERS, Asst. Cashier

Capital Stock and Surplus \$250,000.

Interest Bearing Certificates Issued

LAST EDITION.

SALMAGUNDI.

TO-DAY'S DOINGS IN THIS TOWN

Personal Notes and Brief Mention of Many Things.

THE WEATHER.—For Ohio—Saturday, rain decidedly colder and fair Sunday.

Capt. R. B. Crawford is in Columbus. Born to Mr. and Mrs. Andy Eisenbreis, a son.

H. C. Delhenn went to Canton this morning.

D. P. Merwin is spending a few days in Pittsburgh.

Mr. J. C. F. Putman is in New York, making purchases.

The Tuscarawas does not merit any further attention at present.

Miss Flora Royer is visiting her sister, Mrs. O. J. Vogelgesang, of Canton.

Dr. and Mrs. H. Gerould, former residents of Massillon, are here from Cleveland.

George W. Norrington, trainmaster of the C. & L. & W. road, was in the city today.

Mr. Fred Bresch of Pittsburg, Pa., formerly of Massillon, is visiting friends here.

Mrs. J. M. Lester, of Canal Fulton, and family, will spend Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. L. M. Taggart.

I. J. Oberlin has gone to Mansfield to take a position in the office of the Hicks Brown Milling Company.

Martin Beck is a well endorsed applicant for the vacancy soon to be made in the fire department regular force.

Mr. Edward A. Peacock, of Chicago, who has been caused some anxiety by his friends here, is reported as being better.

Bert Mitzel went to Uniontown, Pa., today, to attend the funeral of a married sister, who leaves a husband and five children.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Sladden went to Cleveland this afternoon to spend Sunday and Monday with the family of their son, Walter.

The official announcement of the name of E. G. Willison as a candidate for city solicitor, subject to R. publican rules, will appear Monday.

The Sons of Veterans will give a supper Monday night, at the Waverly Hotel to all participants in the recent production of "The Drummer Boy."

The committee on entertainment and music for the "Y" conference will meet this evening at 7 o'clock in the Y rooms. Every member should be present.

The ladies of the Presbyterian church have arranged for an entertainment, known as the Scott Recital, to be given in the chapel, Monday evening, March 2. Particulars will be given later.

Married, by Samuel Kridler, J. P., at his place of residence, in Tuscarawas township, Stark county, Ohio, Feb. 19, 1891, Mr. William Youngman and Miss Maggie Boes, both of Elton, Stark county, Ohio.

Attorney R. A. Pinn took part in a Washington birthday anniversary celebration, under the auspices of the literary society at Burton City last night, delivering an address on "Washington as a Statesman."

THE INDEPENDENT is regretfully forced to omit the publication of the story of a gun, a communication on a live subject, and other matters interesting to its Stark county readers. All these, however, will come later.

The troublesome waters on the southern end of the W. & L. E. road have so far subsided that it is expected to run trains to Warrenton, thirteen miles from Steubenville, by Monday. Trains on the C. & L. & W. now run through to Bridgeport.

Mr. Philip Smith, father of Messrs. Philip and William Smith, of this city, died last night at the residence of his son-in-law, near West Lebanon, at the advanced age of 92 years. Funeral at 2 p. m. Sunday, at St. John's Evangelical church, this city.

An item in yesterday's INDEPENDENT stating that John A. Seiler had sold his barber's shop to Andy Burkell and Wm. Penberthy was literally correct, the bargain having been made, but since then Burkell has backed out of the contract and the deal is off.

Messrs. D. F. Henry and Wm. H. Graham, of Pittsburg, are in the city with a view to making a proposition for the electric street car franchise. They went to Canton on the 1 p. m. train in company with C. A. Gates, and will drive back to get a view of the road between the two cities.

"Judge" Otto E. Young was asked this afternoon whether he would be a candidate for re-election to the office of city solicitor and he replied: "Under no circumstances will I be a candidate. The extent of my private law business is such that I cannot take the time required from it to attend to the duties of that office." L. Victor Teeple is willing to be the Democratic standard bearer.

Jacob Hug died at his home in North Mill street last night after a six weeks' sickness, the result of an attack of the grip. He had been a resident of this country twenty-six years, formerly worked in stone quarries, but lately has been peddling cheese. His family consists of a widow and six children. Deceased was a member of Massillon (German) Lodge I. O. O. F. Funeral Tuesday afternoon from his late residence.

Miss Hattie P. McLain's progressive euchre party, given last night, was attended by about thirty, among them,

tended by about thirty, among them, Miss Lewis, of Connecticut, Mrs. Thornburgh, of Syracuse, Messrs. Rob and Fred East, of Canton, and Daniel Rupp, of Colorado. Interest in the game which lasted until 11 o'clock, never flagged, and after refreshments had been served, the pretty prizes were distributed as follows: first, Miss Laura Russell and Mr. Edwin L. Arnold; second, Mrs. Archer C. Corns and Mr. Warrington Warwick; last, Miss Arnold and Mr. Rupp.

M'KINLEY'S NAME AND FAME.
The following extract is from a letter brought over on the last steamer, written by a Republican now in Australia:

"Mr. McKinley's name is better known to-day, the world over, than that of the President. The British glory in our defeat. They know better, than our people, not to realize, that the McKinley bill is for Americans, not for the British; and all they seek is to monopolize our markets."

SHALL THE CANAL EXIST?

Opinions were sought to day, of those brought into intimate connection with the canals, as to the wisdom of abandoning them.

Incidental to the interviews on the proposition the fact was learned that 30,000,000 feet of lumber were brought into this port of entry last year, in boats.

HE IS DECIDEDLY OPPOSED.

D. Atwater—I am opposed to the abandonment of the canals. This northern part of the state is self-sustaining, and has to contribute to the southern part of the state where the canals are not self-sustaining. Under an act of the legislature the board of public works was authorized to offer a bonus of \$200 for every new canal boat built last year; seven were built and that \$1,400 in tolls was almost all paid since the new boats were set afloat. This year the revenue will be considerably greater than before, as these new boats will pay tolls in cash.

Frank A. Brown—There are conditions under which the abandonment of the canal would be desirable; for instance if a railroad could take its place. In our business it now costs, in freight charges, about one dollar per thousand more than by canal, but direct rail communication with the lumber markets of Cleveland would be beneficial in the respect that the consumer would get the advantage of reduced rates which would be certain to follow direct rail communication. The canal is unreliable, slow, and is closed to transportation four months in the year; but freight rates are low, which enables us to give that advantage to our customers.

Other interviews will appear Monday.

Terrific Nitro-Glycerine Explosion
Special Dispatch to The Independent.

FRIDAY, Feb. 21.—At 1 o'clock this morning the nitro glycerine works of Casterline & Co., blew up. The explosion was distinctly felt at Toledo, forty-three miles away. It is reported that several tramps were blown up with the works.

The Sherman Funeral.

Special Dispatch to The Independent.
St. Louis, Feb. 21.—The day is clear but cool and the sun shining. A vast crowd is in attendance. The obsequies were of the most solemn and impressive description.

Mr. Secretary Foster.

Special Dispatch to The Independent.
WASHINGTON, Feb. 21.—The President has nominated Charles Foster, of Ohio to be secretary of the treasury.

A Trick Two Can Play At.

The Pittsburg Times comments, editorially, as follows upon a question which abounds with local interest: "The trick of the Ohio coal operators is one which two can play at. It is to withdraw from the Interstate agreement and make separate terms with their men, thinking that the Pennsylvania operators will not be able to do so with their men, the result of which will be a strike here, which will enable them to gobble up and grow fat on the lake trade. But the miners know that the abandonment of the Interstate arrangement would mean the old cutthroat struggle and starvation wages, and will insist on an agreement for all the states concerned or none. If there is to be a strike at all it will be one in which all will have a hand. The present arrangement is not a malicious invention, and will not bring back the golden age, but it is better in every way than the want of an arrangement which used to bring pandemonium. The Ohio man is opening his mouth to bite off more than he can chew."

All the journeyman printers of the city are requested to meet at the C. Y. M. A. hall, in the Bammerlin block, on Saturday evening at 7 o'clock to organize a union, to be subordinate to the International Typographical Union.

On an after Monday, Feb. 23, A. J. Reichner and Geo. Lieberman will sell Cleveland bread in connection with their own manufacture.

The "New Pea Shooter" gun. Boys can have no end of amusement with it. For sale only at West Side Variety Bazaar.

We have just received a large lot of voice of tiddledy winks, harmonicas and hair curlers at Ellery's Novelty Store.

Latest designs in ladies' small-sized gold watches at C. F. Von Kanel's.

Ask your dealer for "Enterprise Mill" white loaf flour. Take no other.

Landreth's new garden seeds just received at Albright & Co's.

Lettuce and spinach at Martin & Vogt's.

School umbrellas 50c. Spangler & Co.

Best Baldwin apples at A. J. Wire's.

THE CHARITY SCHOOL.

IRA M. ALLEN TELLS THE INDEPENDENT ALL ABOUT IT

Mrs. Rotch's Magnificent Memorial Written about by the Superintendent Who So Worthily Filled the Office for Many Years.

CANTON, O., Feb. 20.

It is with great pleasure that I understand the Rotch school buildings have been thoroughly repaired and put in condition to open the school there again this spring. I know of no institution of learning anywhere that has done more good in proportion to the amount of money expended than this school has.

OBJECTS OF THE FOUNDER.

Mrs. Charity Rotch, who died at Spring Hill, near the site of the school in 1824, was an intelligent leading member of the Society of Friends, and at her death was a widow possessed of considerable wealth, and as she had no children, she had long entertained thoughts of providing, by will, after her death, a school for orphans and indigent children, where the mental, moral and physical capacities should be properly developed and the child thus prepared to enter active life, with the foundation well laid for future usefulness. She believed that integrity and intelligence combined with industry and economy were the great essentials of character and usefulness, and therefore she wished the children to be taught and trained especially in a manner that would not only store their minds with useful knowledge, and fill their hearts with goodness, but so that they should at all times be able and willing "to do with their might whatever their hands find to do." She felt and often said that an education of the head only was very incomplete.

WORDING OF THE WILL.

The following is the language of the will: "Having for many years past been desirous of promoting the establishment of a benevolent institution for the education of destitute orphans, and indigent children, that they may be trained up in the habits of industry and economy; it is my will that my executors convert the remainder of my property, both real and personal, into money, as soon as practical, and place the same in permanent funds, the interest of which is to be solely applied to such institution. Should the amount be sufficient to attach a farm thereto so that a portion of the crops may be devoted to the laudable pursuit of agriculture, and a part of the girls' time be devoted to the duties of housewifery, whereby they may support themselves and become useful members of society, and where also a sufficient portion of their time may be devoted to the acquiring of a common English education, it would more fully comport with my views. Should the amount not be sufficient to fully accomplish said object, and no other funds be added to second my efforts, it is my will that the interest of said fund be solely applied to instruction of such children in a common English education."

HOW THE SCHOOL WAS STARTED.
Mr. Arvine Wales, father of the Hon. Arvine C. Wales, and Matthew Macy were appointed as executors and Mr. Wales was named as trustee of the fund so left, for the establishment of the school. The amount proved to be about \$20,000, which was placed at interest by Mr. Wales when the estate was settled, and a school was organized and taught for some years in the old Rotch residence at Spring Hill, with James Baylies as superintendent. I think. About 1835 Mr. Wales, as trustee, bought the farm, containing 185 acres, where the school is now located, and in 1842 commenced the erection of the main building of the school as it now stands, and in April 1844 the school was opened by the Mr. Philander Dawley as superintendent. Mr. Wales had taken out articles of incorporation some time before in which it was provided there should be a board consisting of five members, appointed by the legisla-ture, who were to elect a president, secretary and treasurer, and so continued until his death, in January 1854 when the Hon. Arvine C. Wales was appointed to fill his place, which he did till his death.

THE SCHOOL IN ITS PRESENT SITE.
When the school was first organized on its present site, the board of directors consisted of Samuel Reese, William Bowen, D. Arnold Lynch, Arvine Wales and Wm. C. Earl, and as they all knew Mrs. Rotch personally, and Mr. Wales especially, having been for several years a member of the Rotch family, thus being familiar with her views in regard to the education of children, they adopted the plan for the general management of the school which was successfully followed for over forty years.

HOW IT IS CONDUCTED.

The principal feature of the school management which is unique, is that the superintendent is given the entire use of the farm, and a stated salary, and is required to stock the farm, furnish the house, and keep up the general repairs about the premises, and to furnish the children with everything necessary for their health, comfort and education, out of the proceeds of the farm and the salary paid him; the work on the farm and in the house to be done by the children as far as can be done and allow them sufficient time for recreation and study in the school room, thus making it to the interest of the superintendent to raise the children to habits of industry and economy. The government of the school should be that of a large, well regulated family on a farm, where each member is required to attend to such duties as are best adapted to his abilities, and where all are interested in the success and happiness of the entire household. The officers of the school have endeavored to comply with the wishes of the donor, both in regard to manner of teaching and the matter taught.

PRODUCTS OF THE INSTITUTION.

The graduates from this school have generally made worthy, intelligent men and women, and many of them have after leaving the school where the foundation was laid, fitted themselves to occupy places of honor and trust in their learned professions.

copy places of honor and trust in their learned professions.

AIM OF THE SUPERINTENDENTS.
It has always been the aim of those having charge of the institution to give the pupils first the thorough common English education in accordance with the views of the noble woman, whose beneficence provided the funds to establish and perpetuate the school, but the course has included the higher mathematics, of study natural history, philosophy and agricultural chemistry, and many completed the entire course.

IRA M. ALLEN.

ON THE ROLLING DEEP.

GLIMPSES OF LIFE ON BOARD THE "TOM MOORE."

A Massillon Version of "Hudson Grange"—Captain Asa Cutler Writes Another Card Filled With Plenty of Good, Hard Common Sense.

Those whose business takes them down South Erie street, have often noticed that inland craft, rejoicing in the name of the "Tom Moore," riding safe at anchor in a slip along the canal, hugging the berme bank, immediately south of the Ft. Wayne bridge. The "Tom Moore" is the marine castle of Captain Asa Cutler, who has recently been instructing the Massillon people on the subject of canals. The captain is a man of substance, and long since retired from the business of bartering and trading along the peaceful Ohio. Many houses adorn this town, monuments to his sense and thrift. As for himself, familiarity with the ways of the watery element, would breed discontent were he to move from the channel in which he cast his anchor to the windward many years ago. Therefore Captain Cutler commands his own man-o'-war, which, like himself, by reason of sundry knocks and bruises, has passed its seaworthy state. Thither an INDEPENDENT reporter wended his way the other night, guided by the flare of light proceeding from the port side of the "Tom Moore."

TIERIGHT HAND OF FELLOWSHIP.

It was Captain Cutler himself who drew back the glass window, and extending the broad right hand of fellowship, helped the reporter in. A kettle sang softly on the glowing stove, and a kerosene lamp threw a pleasant shimmer from floor to ceiling, and to wall, decorated here with a picture, there some handy housekeeper's contrivance, and again with an off pair of the "old water dog's" nether garments.

The captain resigned his comfortable cabin chair, and settled himself down on a spring lounge, while the amiable countenance of Mrs. Anna Keim beamed from across the supper table. The captain, he understood, continues on a career of single blessedness, and Mrs. Keim looks after the internal arrangements of the good craft "Tom Moore." Due explanation was made as to the boat itself. It rides safely at anchor, deep in the mud, where neither wind nor wave can move it. In the central cabin Mrs. Keim is supreme, and connected closely with this handy apartment are other living rooms. The ducks and the chickens are duly provided for, and the scheme of domestic economy is above reproach.

"I bought this here boat," said Captain Cutler, reflectively, "a good many years ago. It was an old state boat, fixed up for to board canal hands. You can see for yourself that we're pretty comfortable here. Folks talk—they say why don't they do this, and why don't they do that, but we find it pretty easy to get along right where we are. We've lived right here at this very spot for four years, and I've been on the canal, more or less, ever since I was twelve years old. Agree? I guess not. We never have it here. Truth is, the only time we were sick was when we lived in a house, on top of the Richville hill. Yes, I take pretty good care of myself. I never was drunk in my life, and I don't chew, smoke or snuff. I do swear some."

CAPT. CUTLER'S BEMUSING SIN.

The captain brightened up considerably as he bethought himself of his one frailty and he went on: "Yes, I do swear, if I do say it myself. When anybody gets onto my corner I swear like a pirate and kick like a mule. I never did like drink, and the only time I smelled whisky it nearly turned my stomach. I've got a little something I do like, and the speaker handed over a dark brown bottle, labeled "Gentian Bitters." The bitters being inspected, the conversation turned merrily on, for geniality and cheerful hospitality are forever on board the "Tom Moore," and the humble reporter, whose lot it is to live in a prosaic creation of wood and brick and mortar, left as he came, through the sliding door or window, thinking life not so unpleasant after all on the bosom of the deep.

COMMON SENSE AND CANALS.

Captain Cutler is a careful man, and consequently thought better to give his additional views on the canal question in his own way, hence his card, in his own hand:

MR. EDITOR:—Be patient, for I shall be through some time. I think Mr. Howells' bill is not properly named. It should be called "a bill for the recruit of the army of tramps and robbing the people of their defense against the railroad monopolies." I see, Mr. Editor, in your issue of the 7th you think the canals do not amount to much and call for a change. Better not have a change I say, unless it is for the better, and as for the amount of the canals at present, let us look into the matter a little and see.

Now from the best information I can obtain there are on this canal 130 boats, and on the canal from Toledo to Cincinnati 270, making on the canal a total of 400 boats. Taking three persons to a boat, which is one less than I usually used to employ, for I am making statements which I challenge any of the canal-wreckers to investigate. So I put all of my statements to the bottom board. To man the 400 boats would require

MASSILLON INDEPENDENT.

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[DAILY ESTABLISHED 1887.]

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Six Months.....2.50

Three Months.....1.25

WEEKLY.

One Year.....\$10.00

Six Months.....5.00

Three Months.....2.50

The Independent's Telephone No. 43

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 21, 1891

This Date in History—Feb. 21.

1795—Antonio Lopez de Santa

Anna, president of Mexico,

born in Jalapa; died in the

City of Mexico June 30, 1878.

1802—Cape of Good Hope re-

stored to the Dutch.

1848—Death of John Quincy

Adams, ex-president of the

United States.

1853—Three dollar gold pieces

authorized by Congress.

1857—The new composition cent

substituted for the copper cent in the

United States.

1863—The London postoffice began to convey

postal bags by pneumatic dispatch.

1872—Manifesto in favor of a constitutional

monarchy in France signed by about 280 of the

Right.

1889—George C. Flood, California millionaire, died

in Heidelberg, aged 62.

Mr. Harter's honest money ideas

do not seem to please the Democratic

dicky birds, and their nest is in a

sad state.

The attention of advertisers is

again called to the absolutely neces-

sity, on their part, of furnishing

copy early.

The Toledo banquet, in its carnal

aspect, was very bad, but the man-

agers should be spared the accusa-

tion of having permitted wine to be

served, after having announced it as

a "dry" affair. Wine cards were dis-

tributed by mistake, and were al-

most immediately removed.

The alleged wickedness of Senator

Quay ought not to exclude him from

having the benefit of American fair

play. He has denied, generally and

specifically, all the charges resting

against his character. It remains

with his accusers, now, to make their

case. Their preference seems to be

to question the sincerity of his reply

and the motive involved in holding it

back until this late day. Now the

question of motive is inscrutable.

None but Senator Quay himself

knows to a certainty what motives

actuated his course, and a wise phi-

losopher has said that he who pro-

nounces judgment on another's mo-

tives can furnish no proof, and there-

fore only confesses to the world the

course he himself would have fol-

lowed under like circumstances.

Stripped of the vast amount of stuff

and nonsense, thrown like a mysti-

fying halo about the case, the sum

and substance of Quay's offending,

admitting him to be guilty for the

moment, is that he used certain state

funds for private purposes, and then

paid them back. This was very aw-

ful! Perhaps the singularity of a

custodian of public monies, restoring

them to the people, intact, is so im-

pressive that it calls for fierce and

hot denunciation. And had Mr.

Quay actually taken the money and

fled to Canada, he might have es-

caped all this railing and false ac-

cusation. But the truth is, Mr. Quay

denies that which is laid at his door,

and his self-appointed persecutors

will with difficulty make good their

wanton charges. They should get af-

ter Brice.

PITY THE PIG.

"A hog pen, like a barrel of whis-

key, harms no person," was the

truthful observation of George P.

Hunter, before a recent state con-

vention of boards of health, "if left

alone." Mr. Hunter is a Warren at-

torney, and a member of the board

of health, and his observations are

so intelligent that THE INDEPENDENT

takes the liberty of cribbing freely,

with quotation marks, from what he

said.

Mr. Hunter proceeds to say that

he is not a bobbyist. He likes

healthy pork as well as any one.

"And now," he goes on, "having now

spiked the guns of a class of critics,

I proceed to declare that the grow-

ing of hogs within or near cities,

villages or hamlets should be per-

emptorily forbidden, and the inhibi-

tion should be enforced without fear

or favor." This inhibition was at-

tempted in Warren with final suc-

cess, but not before many trials and

tribulations.

After describing the litigation

which followed Warren's first bout

with the hog, Mr. Hunter gets down

to business:

"You may take the hog out, burn

the old pen, carry the soil away,

build a new pen on new ground,

wash the hog in soap and water, place

him into it, with a towel and a nap-

kin and a code of rules, and in a

month or two weather you will have

another fully developed nuisance. In

or near thickly settled communities

the hog is always a nuisance. You

cannot love him a little and hate him

a little. Our shallow wells, as a rule

are supplied with water which has

fallen all about us, has been drawn

into the earth by capillary attraction

and the force of gravity, and carried

down and off by arteries below the

ground line as permanent and well

defined as the tubes of a sponge, and

finally discharged into the well.

Who can say where the waters of

your well come from? What pens,

privies or graveyards they drain?

"But that is not all. When the

sun shines brightly, and the winds

are at rest, the gases from your en-

vironment of pens go straight up, and

may be harmless; but when the

shades of night come on, and the

upper air becomes heavy and damp,

the poisonous gases from a hundred

hog pens rise and mingle, and at the

dead hour of night, when our win-

dows are raised for fresh air, when

the sense of smell and other senti-

ments which nature has given to guard

us from such dangers are off duty,

come those disease laden gases,

stealing along over the city and set-

tle down like a death pall, poisoning

us at the very spring of health and

vitality. Even that is not all. A

hog grown in the country in an open

field or orchard, with plenty of pure

air to breathe, fresh earth in which

to cleanse himself, and fruit and milk,

and then quickly 'hardened' up on

corn, makes sweet meat and healthy

food; but what shall be said of a

town hog, who is kept all its life in

a filthy pen, without a breath of air

not contaminated, and fed always

chiefly on swill, usually sour, and of-

ten putrid? Can it be that the lungs

and stomach, the very sources of

blood and flesh can be defiled with-

out tainting the flesh? The answer

cannot be in doubt; and I believe it

is a kindness to permit such meat to

be produced. Even more, I believe

it is a crime to allow a poor man to

feed such stuff for his little children

and either kill them outright, or

prepare their little bodies to con-

tract disease which they should re-

pel."

CREATING A STIR.

The Story About Ex-President Cleveland

Without Any Foundation of Truth.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 21.—The statement

published yesterday that Mr. Cleveland

had determined not in any event to be-

come the Democratic candidate for the

presidency in 1892 led to considerable

talk and discussion here. The report,

Mr. Cleveland's friends and admirers

say, does not come from sources par-

ticularly friendly to the ex-president

and one time unanimously chosen stand-

bearer of the party, and they are loth to

credit it. On the other hand, the anti-

Cleveland men seize upon the story

eagerly. Some of Mr. Cleveland's close

friends in congress, however, say

they know nothing of any purpose on

his part to decline the nomination, and

do not believe it. Congressman Tracy,

of New York, says that some time ago

Mr. Cleveland thought of taking him-

self out of the field, but friends insisted

that he should not do so, and that his

duty would be to obey the commands of

his party, and so the ex-president agreed

not to withdraw and let the future

shape itself. Ex-Secretary Whitney,

who is in the city, when asked about

the story that he had a letter from Mr.

Cleveland declining to be a candidate,

said: "The story is without any founda-

tion of truth whatever."

NOT AFRAID OF BLAINE.

Canadian Seal Fishermen Preparing for

Business.

VANCOUVER, B. C., Feb. 21.—All the

travellers of Secretary Blaine, the pre-

parations of Secretary Tracy, the better

equipment of the Rush and the talk of

armed cruisers notwithstanding, there

is no terror in the heart of the Canadian

seal fisherman, nor does his breath come

and go one whit faster or slower. By

April 20 next there will be no less than

ten vessels in this port ready for sea and

fully equipped for the season's work. As

they have to fifteen more will be in

Victoria harbor, and on the New West-

minster deck there are now building

some four or five for the same purpose.

These sailing schooners will not leave

here heavily armed. All the imple-

ments of war they will carry will be

such as are needed for ordinary protec-

tion, but the captains will never need to

use even the smallest kind of a gun

against any warship, cutter or gunboat

carrying the American flag; for these

vessels now being prepared are veritable

greyhounds. Their build is such that

great speed can be attained, and as long

as they can show a "fleet pair of heels"

their sport won't be interrupted for any

length of time.

Sugar Trust Investigation.

NEW YORK, Feb. 21.—A new sensation

was developed yesterday in the legis-

lative investigation of the sugar trust.

There was nothing less than the disap-

pearance of Treasurer John E. Searles,

Jr., and other officials of the trust ac-

companied by the rumors that they had

disappeared in order to avoid examina-

tion by the senate committee on laws.

Death from Hydrophobia.

ROCKVILLE, CONN., Feb. 21.—Mrs.

Annette Leach, aged 48, housekeeper

for Henry Kimball, of Ellington, died

yesterday of hydrophobia, the result of

a bite on a finger of the right hand last

November. She was taken with spasms

Feb. 10, and has suffered terribly since.

Largest line of hats in the city. Spang-

ler & Co.

JOURNEY TO THE GRAVE.

THOUSANDS OF PEOPLE VIEW THE

CASKET WITH UNCOVERED HEADS.

The Tribune Pittsburg Paid to Dear Old

"Uncle Billy"—Since the Death of

Lincoln There Has Never Been a More

Pathetic and Sincere Demonstration

of Sorrow at the Death of a Public

Man—The Journey Through the Dead

Commander's Native State.

PITTSBURG, Feb. 21.—Swiftly, solemn-

ly, silently the funeral cortege of Gen.

Sherman passed on its way to the tomb.

Between dark and daylight, while the

people slept, was traversed the greater

part of the commonwealth of Pennsylv-

ania. Plunging through a night of

storm and snow and tempest, the crape-

trimmed train swept on through hours

of darkness and solitude, emerging

again to the light of day and the home-

age of a multitude to the dead warrior.

It was a fitting beginning of the last

long triumphal journey of our last great

general. The trip from Harrisburg to

Altoona was uneventful. The night

became very stormy, and the sleigh

getting against the car windows. Every

one on the train, except the conductor

and train crew and the faithful senti-

nals, retired to take much needed rest,

and the lights in the train, burning low

and dimly, reflected the sombre and

mournful character of the errand on

which the party was bent. At Altoona

the train stopped for ten minutes to

change engines. From

Altoona almost to Pittsburg

but one stop was made, and that was to

take on water for the engine. At Edge-

wood the train stopped to take on Willis

McCook, Esq., his wife and daughter

Bessie and the children of Mr. and Mrs.

Fitch, grandchildren of the dead gen-

eral. Little Bessie was one of the dead

warrior's particular friends among the

children. The little girls, Helena and

Mary Fitch, bade their grandpa a last

goodby and laid a bouquet upon his bier

as the train rushed in toward union

LABOR'S WORLD.

JOHN M'BRIDE.

Convention Notes.

One thing can be said and truly said of the convention and that is, that business was not transacted in a slipshod, careless manner, but on the contrary the delegates, individually and collectively, manifested an earnest and determined spirit to do only that which would most speedily ameliorate the condition themselves and their constituents, and this they aimed to secure by methods that would do no injustice to those employers who have treated their employees with fairness.

The result of the convention's finding may not be, and indeed it is not, just what every delegate expected or hoped for, but we can advise, and do advise that inasmuch as the majority determined upon a method which they thought best, the minority should join hands and give honest and energetic assistance to the work of enforcing the convention's decision. There is work to do, a great work to do, and to do it successfully there must be no laggards in the ranks. If mine workers will now strengthen all weak points in their union, close up their ranks and move together, success is assured upon May 1st next.

One of the interesting and dramatic scenes of the convention was presented when President John B. Rae, standing between President Samuel Gompers, of the American Federation of Labor, and Mr. Wright a member of the general executive board of the Knights of Labor, took each of the two distinguished gentlemen by the hand and, while the three of them with clasped hands faced the convention, called the delegates attention to the fact that the group, Gompers, Wright and Rae, illustrate a trinity of organizations in which were centered the hopes, aspirations and future expectations of the mine workers of America.

There were many good orators among the delegates, but it appeared as though these did not satisfy the demand for oratory, hence President Gompers, of the American Federation, Wright and Cavasag, of the Knights of Labor, Speaker Hyatt and Mr. Price, of the House of Representatives, and Governor Campbell were called upon to supply the deficiency. All of the speakers did themselves credit and their efforts were highly appreciated by the delegates.

The newspaper reporters in writing up miners' conventions very often say things that are ridiculous in the eyes of those acquainted with miners. The reports sent out during the past week were no exception to the rule in this respect, and The Sunday Capital very aptly expresses our opinion in this editorial utterance:

"We have been considerably amused the past week at the undignified astonishment of the young gentlemen of the press, who have been 'doing' the miners' meeting. The miners were actually 'good deaters,' they 'understood parliamentary practices,' they 'were a respectable and intelligent looking body of men,' etc., etc. Just think of it! The miners being able to talk at all! No doubt the reporters expected them to use the sign language or grunt and growl, or to descend to the 'vaporings' of some 'desperate demagogue.' This has been until lately—very lately—the usual and stereotyped manner in which the corporation organs in the press, referred to workingmen's meetings. The leaders were always 'demagogues,' and the following 'misguided,' or 'anarchal,' or 'socialistic,' or 'ignorant men imposed upon by self-constituted leaders.' Ah! well, we have struck a new pace, it appears, and the pace is a fast one. In 1900, for instance, the operator who murders his men to save the expenditure of a few dollars in providing proper safeguards, will be looked upon as a criminal, and punished as such, instead of being, as he is now, commiserated by so many 'poor fellows' for the loss to his property."

Real Assassins.

Among the numerous army of veterans which came to this capital Sunday we observed several women who, shouldering their guns with belts girded to their loins, marched, keeping time to the drums, and showing by their bearing and demeanor as much discipline as the best soldier. It cannot be denied that Salvador, as far as the defense and the preservation of its rights is concerned, stands among the first nations of America, since frail woman, though strong in these cases, volunteers willingly to go into the battlefield, not only to be of use in lending succor to her wounded husband or son fighting for his rights, but also to their country by shouldering a rifle and firing on the enemy cartridges, which by nature she would fear to touch. There, we say, must exist great love of country, profound patriotism and great zeal for their liberty and independence for their fatherland.—El Mensajero de Salvador.

According to the labor statistics of Missouri, just published by Commissioner Lee Meriwether, it appears that where girls and women are largely employed in that state the average wages of men are less than \$1 per day, while where there are no children employed the average is about \$2.50.

Five hours per day on the part of all who owe the state brain or physical labor would, under a rational system of distribution, enable all to live as well as the best and at the same time give them leisure to enjoy home and social life and all means of culture.—Rev. H. H. Brown.

Once a week thinks the labor organizations of New York city should make a move to secure a reduction of street railway fares during the hours when working people go to and from their work. That paper claims that if the Central organizations make a demand for legislation upon this line they will secure it without a doubt.

THE FIRST STRIKE.

The First We Know Of Was in Egypt Three Thousand Years Ago.

"There is nothing new under the sun" receives nowhere a more startling verification than in this matter of strikes. The way in which our workmen of modern Europe try to coerce their employers was in substance the way adopted by their dark skinned, meanly clad, poorly fed predecessors in the land of the Nile before Moses led the Israelites out of Egypt. M. Maspero, who is well qualified to speak on all points connected with Egyptology, devotes several very interesting pages to the subject in his charming "Historic Readings," which have just been published. It seems that the families of the working classes were quite as improvident in Egypt thirty centuries ago as some of them are in England at the present day. At the beginning of the month, when they had just received their month's rations, eating and drinking went on without restraint. By the middle of the month the stock began to fail, and famine began to stare the thrifless households in the face. So again and again they went out on strike in order to extort more from their superiors. A strike of masons is described by M. Maspero in detail, and some parts of the description might almost be mistaken for extracts from an English or German newspaper in the Nineteenth century of the Christian era.

On the 10th of the month the builders employed at a temple rushed tumultuously out of the place where they were working and sat down behind a chapel in the temple precincts, exclaiming, "We are hungry and there are eighteen days before next pay day." They charged the paymasters with dishonesty, asserting that the latter gave false measure. The paymasters, on the other hand, charged the men with want of foresight, alleging that they spent their wages as soon as they touched them. After some further negotiations with officers of the government the men resumed work on the understanding that the king himself should receive their complaint. Two days later Pharaoh actually visited the temple, and when the matter was laid before him ordered relief to be given to the woe-begone masons. For a short time there was quiet, but soon provisions failed, and discontent broke out again with renewed violence. On the 16th of the following month the strike was in full force again. Not a man would work. On the 17th and 18th they still refused to lift a tool.

On the 19th they attempted to leave the precincts of the temple in order to carry their grievances into the outer world, but found that the person who was placed over them had taken precautions so effectively that no one could leave. So they spent the whole of that day in laying their plans. On the following day they resorted to more noisy methods. After vainly appealing with loud cries to their manager, they decided to apply to the governor of the city, and therefore rushed through the busy streets to the inconvenience of pedestrians, not stopping until they reached the governor's palace. Like their European successors, these discontented artisans stubbornly refused to work, spent many hours in discussing their position and prospects, disturbed the order of the streets by their impetuous movements, and ultimately obtained part at least of their demands. So we can trace the strike back for 3,000 years, that is, to a period when Rome was not built and even Greek civilization was still in its infancy.

How old the method was at that time it is at present impossible to say. Perhaps the custom is as old as the pyramids. Perhaps the first strike preceded the most ancient of the existing monuments of civilization.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Austrian and Hungarian Miners.

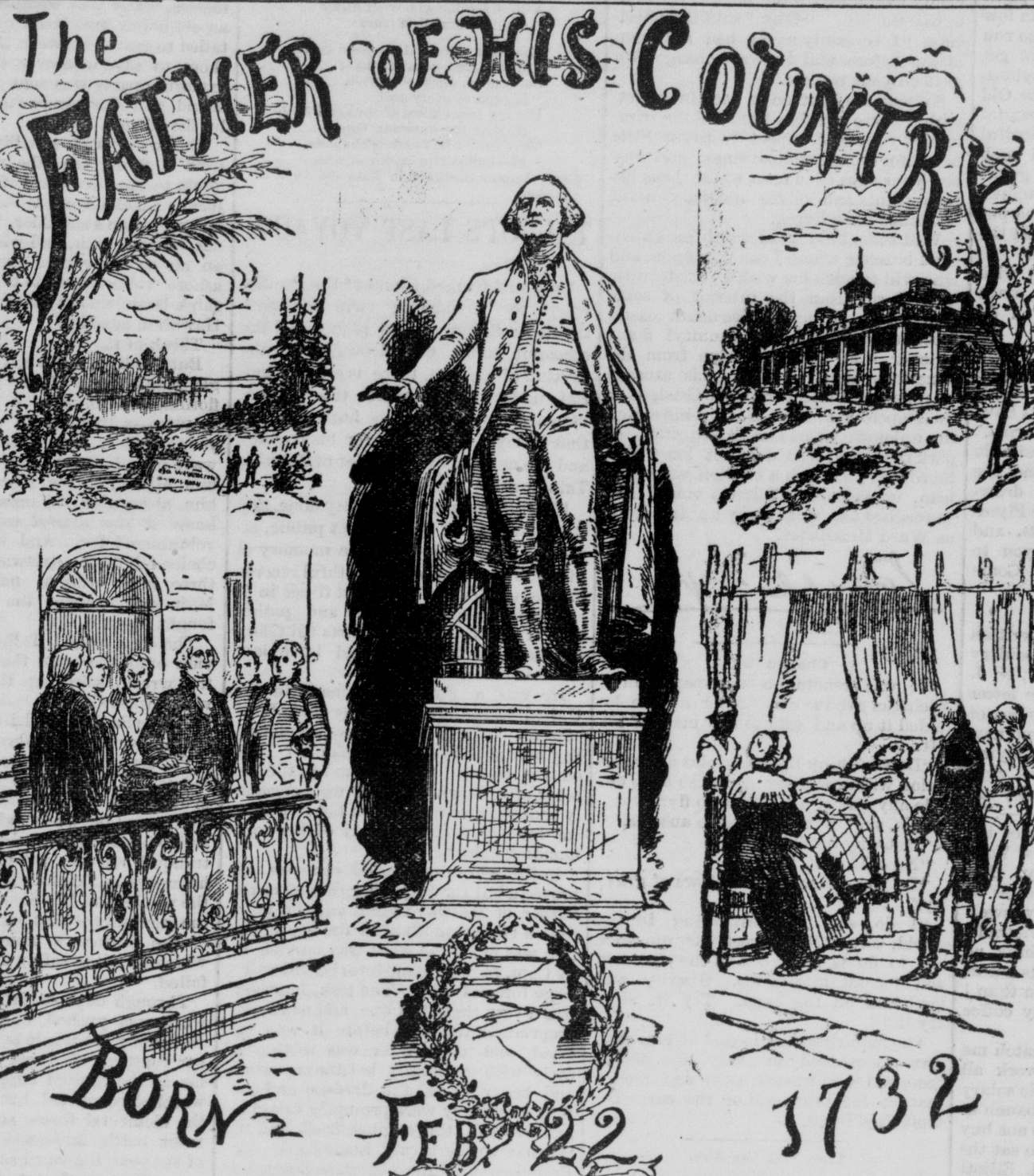
A national congress of Austrian and Hungarian miners was held in Vienna several weeks ago. One hundred deputies, representing 80,000 working miners, were present. The demands of the congress were: The eight hour day in law and fact, prohibition of labor in mines for children under 16 years, increase of the Sunday pause to thirty-two hours, introduction of mine inspection, state examination of all overseers, universal suffrage and the erection of free technical schools. The congress also resolved in favor of a list of May celebration, strikes as an "indispensable weapon," and the sending of a delegation to the international congress of miners in Paris next year.

The Scotch Railway Strike.

It is a striking practical commentary on the eight hour day agitation that such an important body of workers as the Scotch railway men should have had to resort to a strike to obtain the concession of a ten hour day. Other demands were also made, but it was surely enough to state the main issue to have it conceded. The old objection to negotiate with the trade union was raised, but with the modern combinations of capitalists it is surely late in the day to ignore the unions of men.—Pall Mall Budget.

A Prosperous Union.

On the first of January the Cigar Makers' International union had on hand \$385,136. This money is in the possession of several unions, but is really the property of all. During the year the expenditures were \$346,242. Of this \$59,519 went for sick benefits, \$19,195 for death benefits, \$43,540 for traveling expenses, \$5,202 for strikes, and \$3,448 for defending the union label. In eleven years the union paid out \$1,128,063, of which \$426,393 was for strikes, \$328,785 for the sick, \$60,738 for funerals, and \$305,944 for traveling members moving from place to place in search of work.



SAID OF WASHINGTON.

That he was too modest to propose to beautiful belle Mary Phillippe, of New York, when she won his heart long before the war.



THAT HE HAD AN OLD CREMONA.

That it was a current saying in Revolutionary times, "Whom Washington kisses marry young," and all the girls flocked to him to be kissed, and then "went off like hot cakes."

That he gave up his commission in the king's army because American officers were snubbed by the British war office and by the epauleted redcoats from over the sea.

That he did not say he could not tell that particular cherry tree lie and must



THAT HE WENT OUT WITH THE BOYS.

own up, but that lying was a habit he had not cultivated.

That he "ran with the machine" to Alexandria fires, and the old hand fire engine is now a relic in the hands of the same old Friendship Fire company, and rests from its labors in the engine house at Alexandria.

That he went out with the boys on various occasions, loved fast horses and bet upon them, made long trips with good fellows and entertained them royally.

That once, during the war, he wished to be made monarch.

That never, during the war or at any other time, did he wish to be made monarch.

That on occasions, especially in the heat of battle, he used the big, big D.

That at Monmouth he restrained the boiling over passions of a New Jersey volunteer by getting off this grim joke, "Put up your reeking sword, my good man, and don't be making a slaughter house right here on the battle field."

That he had an old Cremona of 1675, which he discovered in a negro cabin, and that he played for the girls and boys on many festive occasions; that the old Cremona is in the hands of a violin maker in Astoria, N. Y.; that it is not a Cremona, but a Tyrolean instrument.

but Washington owned it, anyhow.



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WASHINGTON.

(Written upon contemplating Stuart's portrait in the Boston Athenaeum.)

The autumn sun caresses Vernon's tomb,
Whose presence doth the country's honor loom;
Two suns they are that despoil man's gloom,
For one's the index to Earth's freshest bloom,
The other to our burning hope in Heaven!

Thy dust may smolder in the hollow rock,
But every day thy soul makes some new captives;
Nations unborn will swell thy thankful flock,
And Fancy tremble that she cannot mock
Thy history's truth that will enchain with rage.

How vain the daring to compute in words
The height of homage that the heart would render!
And yet how proud—to feel no speech affords
Harmonious measure to the subtle chords
That fill the soul beneath thy placid splendor!

The steady fire that battled in thy breast
Lift up our gloom with radiance, good though grey;
Like some red sun which the dull earth seemed
To see its glory's last reflected glory.

Thus, when the earthly heaven of man's soul—
The heaven of home, of liberty, of honor—
Sheddered with darkness, did the clouds uproll
And lent such light upon the nation's dole
That every state still feels thy breath upon her.

—John Savage (1890).

History Doesn't Always Repeat Itself.

Tommy Bingo—My brother and my self wanted to be like Washington, so we got up this morning, took a hatchet and went down in the yard and hacked away at father's cherry tree. But my brother was too sharp, 'cause when he called he sneaked away and left me with the hatchet. He got ahead of me.

Miss Summitt (sympathetically)—Dear me, Tommy! What did you get?

Tommy—I got licked.

Other Washingtons.

There were two Washingtons in Revolutionary days who would doubtless have filled bigger places in history if they had borne some other name. Bushrod, nephew of George Washington, served with distinction in the cavalry and in the Virginia convention, and was appointed justice of the United States supreme court. Col. William Washington won honor in several battles, especially at Cowpens.

From the death of Washington till the civil war it was an almost invariable rule that each new state should have a Washington county, and many counties in each a Washington township. So, of the thirteen states without a Washington county, six were too old and five are apparently too new.

Surplusage.

Telegraph Clerk (reading over telegram)—"To Mrs. Grabbet, Margate. Hear—with grief—death—of—Aunt—Judith.—Will—in—our—favor." Two words too many, sir.

Mr. G.—Eh? Oh—eh?—um—um! Oh, well, look here! Cut out "with grief!"—London Tit-Bits.

RELICS OF WASHINGTON.

AN OBSCURE BUNDLE OF ANTIQUITIES FROM THE LAST CENTURY.

Our Correspondent Pays a Visit to Maj. George B. Clitherall, of Mobile, and the Discoveries He Made Will Be of Interest to All of Uncle Sam's People.

Not far from Government, on St. Emanuel street, in Mobile, Ala., there stands an unpretentious brick house. The curious stranger will be faintly reminded as he enters the arcade of this homely dwelling, with its solitary occupant, of those houses which are common to some quarters of New Orleans. Of this, however, there is perhaps more about the air of the place than any real resemblance to those antiquated creole quarters. As he enters the parlor, with its central bay window that juts out to the sidewalk, he will involuntarily pause before an ancient and venerable bookcase, and if he be of a literary turn of mind will note with a more than passing interest the heterogeneous mass of books that with all their variety of bindings crowd close to each other upon its time honored shelves.

It was before this musty piece of furniture that I stood just about a year ago when I was in Mobile. Upon the top shelf was a chaotic piece of accumulated bric-a-brac such as you may see clustered together on the top shelf of any old bookcase, and among other things there was a brown paper parcel tied with a piece of old string, and of such an unassuming appearance that if it were lying in the street it would attract scarcely a glance from the passer by; and yet it would be difficult to find a cluster of objects of such unusual interest as this faded brown paper contained.

It contained, among other colonial relics, George Washington's slipper, a part of his vest, his Masonic apron and two silver spoons from his camp chest. There were also copies of some old newspapers—The New York Morning Post of Nov. 7, 1783, The Boston Gazette and Country Journal of March 12, 1770, The New England Weekly Journal (published in Boston) of April 8, 1783, The Newborn (N. C.) Spectator, Dec. 19, 1829, and The Federal Republican (Newbern, N. C.) July 31, 1813. There was also a package of colonial money and an old time pocketbook. To the right of the bookcase, with its mahogany back leaning against

the wall, stood an old fashioned chair looking very much like those stiff kitchen chairs of the present day, albeit more elegant in appearance. This piece of antiquated mahogany is a bedroom chair which was the property of Martha Washington, or, as she was lovingly called by Maj. Clitherall's family, "Miss Washington."

Maj. George B. Clitherall, whose death has occurred since my visit to Mobile, was the devoted possessor of these relics, and the last survivor of a family which stands among the first in a republic that gained its independence through the immortal name of George Washington.

The history of the Clitherall family in America on the maternal side dates back to the Rev. Richard Marsden, who was chaplain to the Duke of Portland, and who received from the original lords proprietors the ownership of the two plantations known as "The Hermitage" and "Castle Haynes," lying on opposite sides of the old country road, eight miles north of Wilmington, N. C.

Maj. Clitherall's father, Dr. George B. Clitherall, was a relative and intimate friend of Gen. Ben Smith, of North Carolina, who died at Fort Johnston in 1826. Gen. Smith was a man of high social position and great wealth, and married Sarah, daughter of Col. William Dry, who was colonial governor of North Carolina. During the Revolution Gen. Smith was a volunteer member of Washington's staff and military family, and there always existed between them the warmest friendship.

When Gen. Smith learned of the illness of Washington he immediately left his home in North Carolina and hastened to the bedside of his chief, where he remained until Washington died. Many of the personal belongings of Washington were presented by his family to Gen. Smith, who cherished them as long as he lived, and at his death they were bequeathed to Dr. Clitherall.

Maj. Clitherall had but one of the slippers (the left) in his possession, the mate having been given by his mother to the British Museum in 1850. In 1876 the major presented one of Washington's Masonic aprons (of which there are two) to a lodge in Philadelphia, and on the day of my visit he sent Washington's library chair to the Minnesota Historical society. With the exception of this chair, the right slipper and one of the Masonic aprons, the rest of the articles were in Maj. Clitherall's possession.

The now famous slippers did not reach Gen. Smith in the same way that the other relics did. Gen. Washington, after his farewell address, went to pay Gen. Smith a visit at the residence of the

latter in North Carolina, and it was here that he brought them. On returning home he left them behind him, and they were carelessly put away in an old closet, and laid there in neglect until their value came to be recognized. Since then they have been carefully preserved. The one in Maj. Clitherall's possession is exactly eleven and one-half inches in length, and across its widest part, where the ball of the foot lies, it measures four and one-half inches. (While the Father of his Country undoubtedly had a substantial foundation it will be seen from this that his foot was not too large for a man of his stature.)

The slipper is of red morocco leather, but time has covered it with a dusty brown color, and a careless observer would place it in the rank of those cheap brown leather foot coverings which, however much of comfort they may possess, cannot be allowed to have that stylish appearance which marks the slipper of the man of fashion. Originally the slippers are said to have been lined with white silk. When the imagination goes back to the time that these now faded

pieces of antiquity were new, and pictures them in their original colors, the rich and elegant red of the morocco contrasted with the white silk, the flaps, which somehow remind us of those old fashioned curled up skates that the Hollanders used of yore, and the deep wrinkles which lent to them their easy and comfortable air, we must readily believe that these slippers presented a simple, rich and elegant appearance.

They serve in a great measure to show that the taste of this great man tended toward simplicity, at the same time uniting with that refinement which always selects the best. We have as another example of this the story of Washington's watch—familiar to every school-boy—which he desired should come to him from France, of pure gold, but perfectly plain, so that its smooth and polished sides, had the Father of his Country been a vain man, might have served the uses of a looking glass.

Nothing remains of the waistcoat which has already been alluded to but the huge hip flap and pocket laps which were such an important part of this garment during the colonial days. From this flap it is impossible to obtain a complete idea of the whole. It may be said, however, that it is sea green in color, richly embroidered in silk with figures, and when new must have presented a very handsome appearance.

Only one thing more remains to be said. Maj. Clitherall was, from time to time, in receipt of various letters of inquiry from different parts of the country bearing upon these unique and valuable possessions, and I have endeavored in the present article to cover the entire ground, however briefly, and it is to be hoped that it will be copied widely enough to fall into the hands of all those who have been more especially interested in the matters touched upon.

It was not without a feeling of veneration that I said good-by to these ancient relics, whose authenticity cannot be

questioned, and paid a sorrowful adieu to the courteous and scholarly owner of so much that is of historical value.

TOM MASSON.

Handed Down.

She—My poor, dear father knew Washington so intimately, and I, myself, was born on the 23d of February, so of course I feel like—like—

He (helping her out)—Like a relic?

Utterly impossible.

Aunt Green—Have a piece of cake, Penelope. Take the biggest piece.

Penelope (from Boston)—Impossible, aunty; there are only two.—Puck.

WASHINGTON'S CHAIR.

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Only one thing more remains to be said. Maj. Clitherall was, from time to time, in receipt of various letters of inquiry from different parts of the country bearing upon these unique and valuable possessions, and I have endeavored in the present article to cover the entire ground, however briefly, and it is to be hoped that it will be copied widely enough to fall into the hands of all those who have been more especially interested in the matters touched upon.

It was not without a feeling of veneration that I said good-by to these ancient relics, whose authenticity cannot be

questioned, and paid a sorrowful adieu to the courteous and scholarly owner of so much that is of historical value.

TOM MASSON.

Handed Down.

She—My poor, dear father knew Washington so intimately, and I, myself, was born on the 23d of February, so of course I feel like—like—

He (helping her out)—Like a relic?

Utterly impossible.

Aunt Green—Have a piece of cake, Penelope. Take the biggest piece.

Penelope (from Boston)—Impossible, aunty; there are only two.—Puck.

WASHINGTON'S SLIPPER.

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TOM MASSON.

BILL NYE STANDS READY

HE IS WILLING TO AGITATE HIS FRISKY FEET UPON THE ICE.

His Heart Is Touched by the Pathetic Letter of a Man Out of a Job—The Price of Aristocratic Eggs Commented Upon.

[Copyright by Edgar W. Nye.]

The joyous season for skating is now drawing to its close, and with it ceases the best record for many years in these parts. My attention has been called by friends to the following challenge, which I print herewith and reply to later on:

The undersigned, being 70 years of age, hereby challenges any person of the same age, or upward, to compete with him in skating from 10 to 500 miles, and will accept a handicap of twenty rods for every mile. He also challenges any person in the world, irrespective of age, to compete with him in delineating on ice by skating the capital letters of the alphabet, in forming the name of any person, place or thing, or any sentence in the English language.

W. J. WEEKS, Long Island.

I allow no man to defy me in this way, even if he be 70 or 170 years old. No Long Islander shall come out and shake his bony finger at a Staten Island-



PRACTICING.

er with impunity as regards skating. I do not know what a handicap is, neither do I care. Mr. Weeks can wear such clothes as he looks best in, but when it comes to skating I take up the gauntlet on behalf of Staten Island, the hotbed of athletic sports, where firemen are not allowed sufficient beer money to make an ordinary fire any object at all.

I will accept the challenge to a limited extent only. I am getting along in years myself, but still read fine print, though preferring editorials and display ads. I am an American by birth, and remember very well the fight between Heenan and Sayers; also Lydia E. Pinkham—was kissed by her as a child. I can saw a cord of wood in a given time, and look forward to a pleasing immortality beyond the grave.

I hereby agree to skate with Mr. Weeks from 500 to 1,500 miles in an easterly direction, from any point he may select on Long or Staten Island, with bare knuckles to a finish. I also challenge him or any other skater from 70 years of age upward to skate backward up the rain water pipe of the Chicago Auditorium for gate money and the championship of the world. I will also agree to challenge Mr. Weeks or any other gentleman of his age to compete with me in delineating on the ice four pages of Sanscrit which I will select.

I also challenge the world to compete with me in skating on the ice an ornamental poem from Browning, which I shall select; also decorating margins of same with fancy scroll work, turtle doves engaged in trysting at springtime; also eagle with Greco-Roman beak and Spencerian pretzels in his tail feathers. I will also agree to skate on more parts of myself at one and the same time than any other man between the ages of 70 and 75 years respectively.

I will challenge any man of twice my own weight and age to skate the score of the opera of Il Trovatore backward, together with scroll work and ornamental swan at top, wearing doughnut wings and beautiful full arm movement pantallettes.

For purse of \$5,000 and funeral expenses I will agree to skate across Lake Victoria Nyanza as soon as the ice shall be suitable for that purpose. I also will accept a handicap of twenty rods for each mile, or anything else that is not too indigestible.

The following bona fide letter, with the name slightly suppressed, is given merely to show that good help can always be had in America if one goes at it in the right way. The right name is not Earnest Pernambuco, but I do not wish to use the real name, fearing that some one else may seek to decoy my new coachman from me before I can get him home:

JANUARY 16, 91.

NORWAY HERKIMER CO N Y Mr Bill Nye see in your letter in the new york weekly world and thinkin that you mite wish to employ a hand to do some of your arents I think I wood aply before anyone else had taken the job I wish to know if you wished to employ a man that is 63 years old and an edle crippel but can walk with out a cane I can drive in one arme can drive a jentle horse if desired to but dont know any thing about the city of new york I have been there for a few days I did not get any aquanted with the streets or numbers of lots but think I could drive if the lady new where she would like to go I wish to have good bord and good logins this means a good bed to rest on after a days work don arents or driven do you think I can get a place to drive for a lady or do arents some say that I am good lookin but I dont wish to say any thing on this subject please if that a chance in form me yours with respects

P O I should want \$40 dollars a month Beside bord and login and washin yours truly E. P. excuse all bad spellin or riter

In me fancy I can see me self trying to get from the Cortlandt street ferry to Forty-second street station on three wheels to catch a train, with Earnest on the box and a tamarack pole under the axle-tree of the off corner of our coach, while I hold in my lap the dishes and disheveled nice red wheel which now looks like a countryman's character after one session in the New York legislature.

Oh yes, Earnest, we can show you the

streets, but we cannot show you how to sit up straight along West street or Fulton street or lower Broadway and look like an ice cream Joseph while the rum nosed driver of a load of loud smelling green hides and pelts peels the nice paint off your carriage and curses you in low discord cut tones. You could also run up "arents" for us, but you must get yourself out of the Foundling asylum, and the dead letter office, and the Old Woman's home if you get lost. I cannot agree to go in search of my beautiful Earnest among the brothels and such things which are the bane of our growing town. You must be home nights, Earnest, and wash off the cow and put neatfoot oil on your boots against the coming of the morrow.

And you cannot sit in the box with us at the opera unless you have an extra pair of boots aside from those you do your chores in, Earnest.

You shall have a good board as I do, Earnest, except that I generally get the first whack at the porterhouse steak, because I am not real well and I have to be careful of myself. As for "logins," you will sleep in the most desirable rooms over the harness room, and the smell of new mown hay, and the Plymouth Rock, and the Polled Angus, and the Mambrino King will lull you to sleep in your little bed, Earnest. Come as soon as you can.

Today I received a nice typewritten letter from the well known poultry works at Newton, Sussex county, N. J. I need not give the name, but the letter asks: "May I send you a sample box of three, six, nine or twelve dozen new laid table eggs? I have 4,000 laying hens, many of them game. The eggs are shipped the next day after they are laid. Respectfully,

On the lower left hand margin of the letter is the list of ladies in New York who use these eggs exclusively. The list reads like that of the patronesses of the Charity balls. It is a very swell array of pomp, wealth and good victuals. People are there named who think no more of paying seventy-five cents a dozen for the eggs of a blooded hen than I do of using white sugar in my coffee every day of my life.

But that is not the way to catch me and Russell Sage. We don't work all day hard, and then sock our whole salary into a diamond back terrapin debase at night; do we, Russ? And we do not buy eggs at \$1 a dozen, just so as to eat the same breed of eggs that Col. Elliott Shepard does; do we, Russ? We would rather be a little plain, American citizen, eating the honest handiwork of a broad and democratic, though low flung hen, than to pay four prices for the highly legitimate masterpiece of a gamey hen, just because those gamey eggs are used habitually by the tailyho sons-in-law of the Navvoo Rich!

That's me and that's Russ Sage! This is not all. This pesky egg sharp advertises to supply only the bong tong with goods from his fowl works, but does he? Does he confine himself to the tables of the wealthy? Am I assured that those eggs will not be also sold to coarse and vulgar people who nurse their own children? Pah! The thought of it would drive me wild.

No, the egg works at Newton cannot sell me any eggs. I am afraid that the proprietor might forget himself some time and sell to the tradespeople.

If I thought I had secured an eggist whom I could trust, and in fancied security I bought and ate the eggs of his haughty hens, many of whom are game, and paid a big price for them, knowing that there had been no scandal connected with them for many generations back, and then I should find that I had been duped, and that it was not true, or that there was a strain of Plymouth Rock or a double yolker mesalliance in that dealer, in whom I had trusted as thoroughly exclusive, had been prostituting his business and his fair name by selling the same eggs to the vulgar herd, the low, coarse people who are not wealthy enough to run an account and then get out of paying it, the canaille, the sans culottes and sans finger bowls, who laugh when they feel like it, and weep when they are sad, and who otherwise demean themselves, I would almost give up the fight and ask some kind friend to take me out behind the barn and knock me in the head.

Again, how am I to know that the eggs are laid—yes, laid—on the day before? Is each hen to be provided with a



THE NEW DRIVER.

rubber dating stamp, and between her glad cackles of welcome to the newly discovered egg will she stamp the date, hour and all, in purple ink? Or must we trust to the honor of one who courts the patronage of people who can be worked by the simplest tyro in crookedness?

Vanity is the open avenue to the purses of people who are otherwise lucid at times. Make them believe that your rates are a little high in order to keep away the people who get right down and sweat (instead of perspiring in a genteel way) and you get a great many of them. They are most all susceptible if you go at it right.

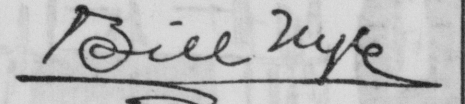
The smith who shod my justly celebrated horse Two Strike last summer charged me a dollar extra, "because it was a gentleman's job, your honor, and the same kind of work and price that I

do for the gentry that lives on your terrace, beggin' your honor's pardon."

A friend of mine was charged \$5 a visit by a physician who had generally a charge of \$2 per visit, as my friend knew. My neighbor kicked, and the spoke quitted firmly and hotly to the doctor, refusing to pay the bill. "Why," said the physician, "I certainly never had any complaint—before, and I always charge \$5 a visit on your terrace."

So you see that on a certain street, with a house that has brown stone trimmings, you must expect to pay a little more for your exclusiveness, and also buy your eggs of a man whose hens eat blue points and olives and have never scratched for a living.

Will some kind reader put me onto a good butcher whom I can rely upon, and who will furnish me with an aristocratic liver fresh from the interior of some well known animal whose death cast a gloom over the entire community? Some butcher who gets his tripe from the American Herd book and his sausage wrappers and fillers from the Guelphs of the Napoleons? As it is now I am eating the unknown hams and ill begotten side pork of a man who does not know that there ever was such a swollen, un-American, unmasculine, falcetto voiced and unroached as from away up the brook as Ward McAllister.



Choked Off.

He was reading a newspaper in a Michigan avenue car. After awhile he folded it up and said to the man on his left:

"Do you think the principles of gravitation will ever be overcome so as to enable any sort of a machine to fly?"

"No, sir," was the brusque answer.

"But why not?"

"No need of it."

"Do you understand the laws of gravitation?"

"I do, sir. Plainest thing in the world, sir. All a street car nuisance has to do is to go out on the platform and step out into space. Gravity will land him on the earth. Try it, sir—try it."

The inquiring man looked at him with

sorrow expressed on every line of his

face, and then turned away and took a

seat at the other end of the car.—De

troit Free Press.

They Got the Job.



"Lady, could you give me an' my pard a job shovelin' off yo' sidewalk?"

"Yes; but where are your shovels?"



"Shovels? Whad's de mattah with leese?"—Judge.

The Laziest Man on Record.

Even the preachers are not averse to a joke that lies in the line of the professional funny man. One of them told the following in an east side church lately when he was invited to speak: A traveler discovered a man lying on the ground one warm day within a foot or two of the shade of a tree. "Why don't you lie in the shade?" he inquired. "I did," replied the man, "but it has moved away from me and I can't afford to follow it."

"Well, if you are not the best specimen of a lazy man I have ever seen yet! Make me another remark on a par with that and I'll give you a quarter."

The man said, "Put the quarter into my pocket." He got it.—Buffalo Express.

Put to the Test.

Briggs—Didn't I hear something about your going to get married a year or so ago?

Griggs—Oh, yes! My fiancée and I thought it would be a good thing to give our love a final test, so she went abroad for a year. She returned the other day.

Briggs—And was her love as fresh as ever?

Griggs—He was fresh enough. She married him in London.—West Shore.

The Cultured Girl Again.

She was so aesthetic and cultured. Just doted on Wagner and Gluck; and claimed that perfection existed in some foreign English bred duke.

She raved over Browning and Huxley, and Tennyson and Darwin and Tolstoy; and talked about Flora and Fauna, and many things I can't explain.

Of Madame Blavatski, the occult, Theosophy, art, and then she spoke of the Chinese Ruby!

And Venus de-Med-I-che.

She spoke of the why and the wherefore, and longed for the whither and whence, and she said yelp, yip, yan and yonder. Were used in alliterative sense.

Well, I like a fool sat dumfounded, and wondered what she didn't know. 'Twas ten when I bade her good evening. For I thought it in season to go.

I passed by her house yesterday evening. I don't know, but it seems to me she was chasing around in the kitchen, and getting things ready for tea.

I heard her sweet voice calling, "Mother," it was then that I felt quite abashed, for she yelled, "How shall I fix the taters? Fried, lionized, baked, bilied or mashed?"

—Chicago Tribune.

THE PRINCE OF SONG.

He'd offered many poems
On melancholy themes.

Some dealt with metaphysics,
And some were ghostly dreams—

On life and death and judgment,
And on the distant spheres;

A dirge for one who went away
And left him all in tears.

The great world did not heed them—
What cared it for his dole!

For sorrow, dark, obtrusive,
Is guest of every soul.

His few sweet notes of love and faith
Did save the weeping throng;

They wore him fadless chaplets,
And hailed him Prince of Song.

—Henry Jerome Stockard in Kate Field's Wash-
ington.

TALBOT'S LAST VOYAGE.

On a surf fringed island of the Pacific, where the smoldering twin volcanoes frowned on flower strewn plains, and the coconut palms nod drowsily to the rhythm of the sea, there is set a memorial tablet which bears the legend: "Greater love than this hath no man, that he lay down his life for his friend," and the name above it is that of John G. Talbot, of Kentucky.

His story is only one of duty done, and therefore is lost to the great public, although it still lives in the memory of his comrades and in the faithful records of the navy department, but it has in it elements of such heroism and pathos that it must touch all hearts till glory forgets to honor Valor and Love lays down his golden rose.

He was a junior lieutenant in the United States navy, and was one of the officers of the United States steamship Saginaw at the time she broke her back on the reef of Ocean island in the October of 1870, which wreck was, curiously enough, the result of a bit of practical humanity on the part of her commanding officer.

In the winter of 1868-9 congress approved a bill for deepening the cut in the harbor of Midway island, and for more than a twelvemonth after the appropriation was made the work was carried on by Capt. (now Commodore) Sicard and a large force of men. The task, however, was a very thankless one, and as the appropriation ran out before it was finished, and the winter was setting in early with unusually boisterous wind and heavy rains, the dredges and cutting machinery were promptly taken up and stored, the engines fired and the Saginaw's nose turned homeward. Sir Francisco was the objective point, but before shaping a course for the Golden Gate Capt. Sicard determined to run down to a lonely island about seventy miles to the westward of Midway to look up any castaways who might have found refuge there. This island, or rather coral reef, is so far out of the track of vessels that such visits are made not only with the approval of the department, but by its command, at intervals of a few years as is practicable.

That the trip was fraught with the usual dangers incident on navigating unknown waters is at once apparent, but the first hour out developed a new and strange source of anxiety that proved unconquerable. The machinery piled on deck affected the compass so sensibly that no reliance could be had upon its accuracy, and the stars went out so early in the night that they had to run by dead reckoning.

The sea was heavy and the set of the current was so unusual that the captain gave the strictest orders about the rate of speed and the lookout to be maintained, and as the ship was due along side the island about daybreak he too, the deck himself at 2 a. m.

At this hour, the log showing a distance of thirty-five miles made since 1 o'clock of the afternoon preceding, he ordered the mainsail close reefed and the engines to be kept just turning over, but as the dead reckoning shows twelve miles still to run the topsails were let standing, and this unfortunately gave the ship a decided headway, for she was running with the trade winds, and it was a case of

The ship was lively and the wind was free. Suddenly out of the night sprang a roar under our very bows, and a wall of white fire barred the way. High in the air played a spray of phosphoric brightness, and the sudden boom of the surf was like the ominous detonations of a minute gun.

It was the reef!

The shrill cry of the lookout, "Breakers ahead!" seemed to deprive the men of both speech and motion. They stood as if paralyzed, and it was only when the officers leaped to the ropes, tugging like madmen, that they followed; and even then they moved heavily—"like a dream," the captain said; and though they halted and reefed, mechanically their eyes were fixed gloomily on the line of leaping surf, and their ears were filled with the sound of the death blow raining on the ship's sides.

The engines were reversed on the echo of that awful cry, the watch tumbled up, and all hands struggled and strained at the topsails, while the air resounded with the hoarse voices of the officers giving and transmitting orders, and the piercing shriek of the bos'n's pipe cut the air like a scimitar.

For a few minutes the balance of chances hung even. But the pressure of steam was too light as against the pull of the topsails, and just as the canvas was cleaved up she rose on the crest of a great wave and fell on the ridge of the reef.

In ten minutes she bilged—she had flooded her holds at once—and yet good was the discipline that not only was every soul landed safely on the island, through wind and rain and snatching seas, but a few stores were saved as well.

Here was a cruel reversal of situations. From rescuers they were become objects of rescue, and of this last the chances seemed too remote to be entertained, except as a hope.

The island was absolutely sterile. There was neither wood nor fresh water. There was no place to shelter, and the nearest attainable land was 1,600 miles away, Midway being impracticable for

sailboat at that season on account of the trade winds.

But all this had to be seen in glimpses by the men, and recognized by the officers only as it came up in the course of official routine, for no sooner did day dawn than the seamen were told off in messes, water was distilled by means of an old boiler, two boats' crews were detailed to travel between the wreck and shore to save whatever they could, an exploring party was sent out to do the island, and charts were eagerly examined by the officers.

The wind was squalling in gustily from a flying sea, the rain added its quota to the discomfort of all hands, and just as Black Caro was solidly mounted on every man's shoulder, Talbot stepped out on the beach, and with as cheerful an air as if he were proposing a lark ashore volunteered to take one of the ship's boats, and attempt the trip to the Hawaiian islands.

Think of it.

But I believe if you give a sailor a single plank he will see material for a flotilla, and so, after a pause of a few minutes—a tribute to discipline—the young officer was almost lost in the wave of sailor men that surged around him, asking, urging, pleading to go with him, although every man jack of them knew it was almost certain death he volunteered for. And then, when the choice fell on the coxswain Halford and three able seamen named Andrews, Muir and Francis, the others almost fought about it.

The crew picked, Talbot passed in review of all the boats that had survived the wreck, selecting the whale boat, which was raised on rude stocks—made from the Saginaw's drift—and work began on her that very day.

The seals and others, sole occupants of the island for several peaceful years, made off in dismay before the swarm of two legged intruders, who brought such active life and intolerable sounds to their tranquil retreat; for not only did the hammers and caulker's mallets play on the whale boat, but Sicard, to hearten up the men, set them to building a schooner of the Saginaw's planks and beams in which to sail to safety if Talbot's efforts failed.

Through days of dreary weather the work was pushed, and on the 17th of November the whale boat was ready for her venture. She was well prepared as far as the limited supplies of the shipwreck permitted, but, compared with the elemental forces against which she must battle, and considering the season of the year, it seemed as though she could not outlive the first day.

The gunwales were raised eight inches and she was decked over; two masts were shipped and a bowsprit mounted; she had a full set of new sails and oars—from the ship's stores—and was stocked with canned goods.

In the choice of these latter they had to be guided by guesswork entirely, for all the labels had washed off in the wreck, and although the best looking and the largest were selected, and the supply was lavish, the contents of many of them proved so unsuitable for such a journey that they not only jeopardized its success, but actually precipitated the disaster.

On the morning of the 18th of November, for the first time since the vessel's loss, the sun shone on the castaways, lifting up their hearts and filling both parting crew and those left behind with an almost unreasonable joy and hope.

The first hours of the day were occupied in giving the last touches to the boat, and then Talbot stepped aside with the captain to receive his final instructions. These were:

"Beat up against the Trades, through the Belt of Calms and the Variables, to (a given) latitude east of the Hawaiian islands, and thence run west with the Trades."

This route was advised not only because it was in the track of ships, but also because the islands cover an area of about a hundred miles, which greatly increased the chances of their being sighted, no matter how the calculations faulted, and that they would fault was inevitable, for in a small boat the motion is so very lively that an accurate reckoning is almost impossible. Then, too, the mountain peaks are lofty, and the smoke of the twin volcanoes can be seen long before the islands themselves are raised.

A tracing of the chart and some navigation instruments were given him, and then, in the sparkling light of full moon, the little craft put out through the opening of the reef and danced joyously off on her mission.

A deep throated cheer followed them, and as its echoes pealed over the lonely waters an answer came drifting back, ready and thin with distance, but keyed to the same exultant note of confidence.

That day's sunshine was like the rose thrown to the martyr in the arena—the last token of friendship from the skies; for, beginning with the next morning, the little boat battled with storms until the end came. The fifth day out the waves, which had been snapping and snarling at her heels, since the second day, rolled into mountains under the fierce wind; the deck began to leak, the cooking apparatus was washed overboard, the provisions already opened were ruined and they have to with a sea anchor.

Fancy a twenty foot boat, hove to in a November gale in midocean.

This was a specimen of the weather they met. When the wind and the sea were not actually grappling in savage conflict, clouds obscured the sun and blotted out the stars; the navigation instruments proved absolutely useless, and the dead reckoning was so faulty that it was a miracle the islands were sighted at all. In the second heavy gale the sea anchor was lost, and a three oared drag fetched away. In still another, a square sail and two more oars, with which they had made a second drag, and successfully clawed off the storm's edge for three hours.

Plint, steel and matches were ruined, so fire was out of the question, and the raw food, exposure and cold soon brought on grave physical disorders that

crippled the little crew by half. Muir and Andrews were on the sick list for three weeks. Talbot was also ill, but his cheery spirit and powerful will kept him about, and even when wrung blue with anguish his courage was still strong enough to hold up the fainting hands of the men who prayed to heaven for help.

Once the sun shone for a few hours, and by means of the lenses of an opera glass they got a light and built a fire—the first warmth of the journey. They cooked some food, but there was too little of it to do much good, and the boisterous waters still drenched them and a keen wind searched their bones, and all too soon a bursting roller quenched the friendly blaze.

On the 16th of December, Friday, a conical cloud rose on the horizon—rose, but lay still instead of scudding away with ruin in its breath as the others did. Then Halford shouted, "Land ho!"

He had been to the islands once before, and recognized Kaulaunua rock, the most extreme southwestern point of the group.

As the boat rose and fell on the rollers the misty smudge of Nihoa, and even Kaula hove in sight, but the wind shouldered the foremast's crew back from the shore, and beat and creak as they would her head fell away again and again, and the last they could do was to hang quivering between hope and the deep sea.

The tragedy now drew to a rapid close. Sunday night they were off Hanelei harbor, and still the wind with its mighty fall winnowed out their strength and patience.

At midnight they hove to. Then the slope of heaven touched 1 o'clock—the last day had come.

Two o'clock was marked by the wheeling stars—half-past, and then, like a panther, the wind leaped out to sea, and, crumpling back of its quarry, blew in shore as fiercely as it had before blown seaward.

Dreading another change, they decided not to wait for morning, but to make harbor at once, and when the boat's head was put on Talbot drew his first breath of assured safety for those in his charge and the shipmates left behind in the lonely Pacific.

As the water shoaled toward the ridge of the reef Halford came up from below.

He says as he got in the cockpit a wave broke abaft, and Talbot called out: "Steady, there. Bring her by the wind."

Both Francis and Andrews sprang to obey him, but a heavy wave burst against the boat's side, upsetting her and washing them both away to the mysterious death of the sea. They were never seen again.

Talbot managed to catch and cling to the bilge of the boat as she floated keel up, and Halford—who was hanging to the stern and casting off his clothing—called to him to come astern and climb up on her. But, drowning his words, came a third wave, and when it passed he was alone.

In the pause of the gathering sea he scrambled on the boat's bottom, and clinging there, rode naked through the glittering death that beat and broke about him. And the first line of breakers was passed in safety.

In the second the boat rolled over, but righted herself head on to land, and drifted ashore near Kilihi-Kai, five miles from Hanelei.

As she drifted there rose groans from the cockpit, and the sailor, Muir, who had been below during all these scenes, came out on deck, a hopeless madman.

As the boat touched the beach Halford took what papers he could save and helped Muir ashore, then fell exhausted and slept or fainted until daybreak.

When he awoke Muir was gone, and he saw the natives taking something from the sea. Hoping it was his beloved commander, he dragged himself to the spot; but the purple face, starting eyeballs and foam covered lips were those of his messmate, horrible in death.

After securing the boat and getting some food and clothing from the kindly Kanakas he began to patrol the beach, waiting to see whether the incoming tide would give up its dead.

At 7 o'clock the rollers heaved into sight and tossed from crest to crest a dark object, and rushing into the surf Halford drew out Talbot's body; and although his reason told him it would be useless, his love impelled him to work for hours to revive him. When forced to admit the futility of his efforts he rode to Hanelei to deliver up his trust, ask burial for the dead and to beg the immediate dispatch of help to those his officer had died to save.

On Christmas eve the relief steamer was sent out, but the young Kentuckian, who had gained the battle, although he died before the strong wine of victory touched his lips, had then slept five days in his foreign grave, and this grave is the spot on which the tablet stands.

But his loyal dust keeps the watch below under the green billows of his native churcheday, and there may his rest be sweet until

JOSH WHITCOMB.

Denman Thompson and His Two Famous Plays.

SUCCESS AFTER MANY STRUGGLES

A Brief Story of the Life of the Man Who Has Touched More Hearts Than Any Other Actor—A Genuine Yankee, On and Off the Stage.

"Ye see that barn up there?" pointing to a picture on the wall. "Well, that barn was rized on the same day that the battle of Bunker Hill was fited." Then Denman Thompson leaned back in his comfortable dressing room chair at the New York Academy of Music and heaved a sigh. "But it ain't there now," he continued; "lightnin' struck it."

The old actor, who has probably brought reminiscent tears to more eyes than has any other living man, looked back into the past. His voice had the quick New Eng-



IN HIS DRESSING ROOM.
("Ye see that barn up there.")

land jerk and the homely twang which we have all heard Joshua Whitcomb use as he went on. "Gosh! 't seems a long time sence I use' swap lies with th' man who owned that barn."

The quaint New England dialect, the homely slang, the good natured awkwardness of movement and the ready wit are as much a part of Denman Thompson off the stage as they are of Uncle Josh Whitcomb when the footlights are shining before him and great audiences are laughing with him in his joys and weeping with him in his sorrows. When he passes on the street, although he has traveled the world over and lived in New York long enough to be known almost as an "institution" of the metropolis, his gait, his city made but roughly fitting clothes, and, most of all, his ruddy, glowing face, make one think of green clad hills and furrowed fields.

His dressing room at the Academy of Music is the largest and finest of any in New York, with one exception, and that one opens from his and is used by his daughter. For nearly three seasons he has stepped from that dressing room to the academy's stage every weekday night and played the part of Uncle Josh in one of the two plays, "Joshua Whitcomb" or "The Old Homestead."

This great success has come after a life full of motion. Lately the movement has been pleasing; but in the old days, before success and fame rewarded his efforts, life was a hard struggle.

For nearly twenty-five years from the day in 1850 when he first stepped on the stage—it was as a "sue" in Boston—hard, unremitting toil alone served to keep his head above the waters of financial disaster. Once or twice, indeed, they rose and engulfed him, but he quickly came to the surface again. The first chord of the melody of success was sounded when he was playing at Harry Martin's Varieties in Pittsburgh, for then he

as Joshua Whitcomb, wrote and acted a sketch which was afterward developed into "Joshua Whitcomb" through the agency of J. M. Hill. It may be interesting to know that the pyrotechnic manager found in it his first big success.

Many of the early years of Thompson's professional life were passed in Toronto. While there he drew most of the time a fair salary, but he never knew the value of money—when there were coins jingling in his pocket everybody knew that they would be given for the asking. So when he left Toronto he was heavily in debt. Upon his first visit to that city, after having achieved his great success with "Uncle Josh," he advertised in the papers and sent out messengers to find his old creditors. During his engagement, nearly \$3,000 passed from his hands into those of creditors who had mentally given up their claims as valueless.

Pretty nearly everybody knows by this



AT HOME.
[From a photograph taken on his lawn at

time that "Joshua Whitcomb" and "The Old Homestead" (which is really a sequel to the first named play) are as nearly truthful pictures of a New England village

and the life in it as the exigencies of stage craft will permit. They are both laid at Swasee, where Mr. Thompson passed his childhood. In painting the scenery artists worked from nature, but no more so than did the author in painting character. That of Uncle Josh is modeled from two residents of Swasee—Joshua Holbrook and Capt. Otis Whitcomb—quaint old New England farmers, the latter of whom is still living. "Wish I'd play the piece in Swasee," said Mr. Thompson, "but a covered bridge's th' only thing there big 'nough to act in." A moment later he said, "But I played in Keene once, and all Swasee come on foot to see it."

There is something different in "The Old Homestead" from ordinary theatrical productions, and the public recognizes it. People who look on at theatres generally laugh and cry without a quail of conscience as this play's simple story is unfolded. This fact is illustrated every night at the Academy. I stood one night with the doorkeeper, and in the long procession filing by it was easy to select the ones who had never entered a theatre before. One party of four, who were evidently visiting New York from the country, protested when called upon to give up their tickets. They wanted to keep them as souvenirs of this great event.

In the interior of the house funny incidents happen by the score. To many who drift in to see "The Old Homestead" the swallowtail coated usher who shows them to their seats is the first man they have ever seen in "full dress." They are invariably awed.

But after the curtain has risen the simple country picture dispels all feelings of diffidence. To visitors from the country it is a picture of home. To hundreds of hurrying, rushing city men and women it is a reminder of a purer, happier life once known, but long forgotten. Eugene Field has written:

Why, the robins in the maples an' the black-birds 'roun' the pond
The crickets an' the locusts in the leaves,
The brook that chased the trout down the hillside
An' the swallows in their nests beneath the eaves—
They all come troopin' back with you, dear Uncle Josh, today,
An' they seem to sing with all the joyous zest.

Of the days when we were Yankee boys an' Yankee girls at play.

With many thought of 'livin' 'way out west!
God bless ye, Denman Thompson, for the good 'n' do our hearts

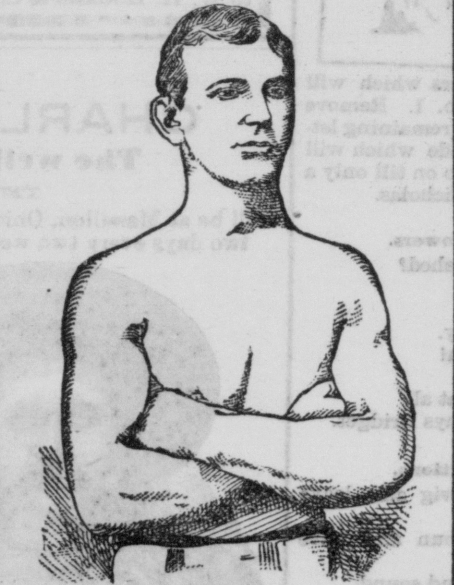
With this music and these memories o' youth—
God bless ye for the faculty that tops all human arts.

The good ol' Yankee faculty of Truth!
EDWARD MARSHALL.

HE DEFEATED CAHILL.

James Butler, One of the Crack Amateur Boxers of Brooklyn.

Here is a picture of James Butler, the clever amateur middle weight boxer of the famous Varuna Boat club, of Brooklyn, who is the only man thus far to cause



JAMES BUTLER.

Patrick Cahill, middle weight champion of the Amateur Athletic Union for 1888, 1889 and 1891, to lower his colors. For two years Butler has been hard at work fitting himself for the very feat he performed—namely, the defeat of Cahill. Butler's first appearance was at the West End Athletic club's tourney, Brooklyn, a year ago when he knocked out P. J. Kelly, of the W. E. A. C.

He next bested J. J. Van Houten, the A. A. U. champion of 1889, and later was defeated by Cahill. He was never satisfied with the result, and soon made his first while victor his victim. Butler is 26 years old, 5 ft. 8½ in. tall, and weighs 145 pounds when stripped for the fray.

THEATRICAL NOTES.

The number of play houses in New York is to be still further increased next season. Plans have already been drawn and sites selected for two brand new ones, capitalists are hunting for land on which to build two more, and Harry Miner is energetically at work reconstructing his Fifth Avenue theatre, which was recently burned.

Four Thespian couples have been married who first met while playing the parts of Harold and Lillian in Bronson Howard's famous play "The Banker's Daughter."

The quarrel between Arthur Dacre and Mrs. Leslie Carter has called out many emphatic expressions of opinion from professionals as to the actor's competency. When Bronson Howard heard that Mrs. Carter claimed that Dacre lacked ability, he wrote at once to Mr. Dacre saying that among the witnesses of his talent there is none more hearty or sympathetic than the great playwright.

The annual subsidies paid to the leading opera houses in Europe are as follows: To the Paris Opera house, \$6,000,000; to the Berlin Opera house, \$1,000,000; to the Stuttgart Opera house, \$125,000; to the Budapest Opera house, \$120,000; to the Dresden Opera house, \$80,000; to the Vienna Opera house, \$60,000; to the Copenhagen Opera house, \$50,000; to the opera houses in Carlsruhe and Weimar, \$30,000 each; to the Munich Opera house, \$30,000; to the Stockholm Opera house, \$30,000; to la Monnaie, in Brussels, \$20,000.

"The Soudan" cleared \$250,000 in Boston in four months.

Since the death of Dion Boucicault there has been a decided revival of interest in his plays.

New Haven society is all a-flutter over the production of the Greek play—Sophocles' "Antigone"—which will take place early in April. Three performances will be given. All the parts will be taken by women—most of them flukes in New Haven's very topmost crust.

A novel insurance company has recently been incorporated at Washington. It insures a bicycle from theft, and agrees to pay the amount of the policy if the wheel is stolen and not returned in thirty days. The fee per year is only \$3.

SUITS OF SOLEMN BLACK.

THE EVENING ATTIRE COMMON TO GENTLEMAN AND WAITER.

The Dress Coat of Today Has Neither the Coloring Nor Picturequeness of Former Years—Observations from a Feminine Point of View.

[Copyright by American Press Association.]

E WAS a Columbia freshman. It was his first dress suit. I knew it by the nervous way in which he tried to avoid brushing aside the coat tails when we sat down after the wait, and by the conscious glance he occasionally gave at the unusual expanse of shirt front. "How does it feel, Tom?" I asked sympathetically. "Oh, fine," he replied blushing; "just a little as though I were not all here, though. Say, don't you think the vest is cut too low? Seems to me I look all shirt. Who ever invented it, anyhow? The coat's bad enough, but why not have it buttoned up properly?"

Then I explained to him how the only beauty of masculine garments lay in the correct keeping of a balance of lines and curves, which was an inspiration on my part, and delighted me as much as it did him, because I never before saw the least beauty in what the newspaper descriptions of weddings call "the conventional black." Who did invent it? In looking over old books of costumes it is easy to see that the swallowtail is merely a natural evolution of the cutaway.

In England, as far back as 1760, the gilded youth disported in a long tailed garment without any front. It flared open to show a waistcoat of gay silk or satin, laid in folds. A huge stock enveloped the neck of the wearer quite up to his ears, and his long faunterly curls fell around his face from under a cocked hat. The sleeves reached nearly to the tips of the fingers, and the enormous lapels of the coat extended wider than the shoulders. In France, however, which is supposed to rule in matters of dress, men still wore the elaborate court costume. With the close of



THIS WAS STYLISH IN 1760.

the Eighteenth century fripperies of satin, lace and jewels were laid aside.

After a great war everything is fashioned a la militaire, so it is not surprising that during the reign of the first Napoleon coats with skirts buttoned back, or entirely sloped away, after the grenadier models, should have become popular. The dandy survived the Revolution, of course, but as dandies are the slaves and not the leaders of fashion, they contented themselves with exaggerating, but still following, the new style. The dude of 1800 wore skin tight fawn colored trousers with high tasseled boots, varnished to the last degree, a belted coat with tails to the knees in the back, buttoned up to the neck in front. The immensely high collar was cut away to show the muslin stock, still worn, but not so aggressive as formerly. There was a quantity of gold or silver embroidery about his clothes and he wore any number of rings.

It is not easy to trace the adoption of the swallow tail as the only correct coat for evening wear. In the fashion plates of the fifties and sixties it was part of what was described as "the dress of ceremony," but it was properly worn on any dress-up occasion, no matter at what hour of the day. It was almost always made of colored cloth, green, brown or blue, and was worn with white drill trousers, gay waistcoats and brilliant cravats. The muslin stock still lingered, giving place later to high pointed collars. The coat collar was very high in the back and rolling, like the collars now in vogue on ladies' jackets. The tails were very long and brass buttons were plentifully used. Gentlemen wore their hats two or three sizes larger than they do now. The hair and beard were less closely cut.

It is curious to note how the less conventional cut of the clothes the more the hair is neglected. In the days of flowing garments, Greek draperies, etc., the beard was religiously cultivated. Imagine Socrates with mutton chops or Plato with a waxed mustache! Warriors with their scant tufts of mail sacrificed their beards as a matter of safety. Since then men have shaved for style. As masculine dress grows more and more rigid and plain the hair is cut shorter and the face more cleanly shaven. Among Englishmen, whose clothes are trimmer than Frenchmen, the smooth face predominates. Artists who affect cape overcoats and flaring ties naturally wear bangs and Van Dyck beards.

The splendor of the days of George

the Fourth has been shown in Mr. Mansfield's excellent delineation of the character of Beau Brummel. Of course in this workaday age we don't want quite so much brilliance, but it is a little to be regretted that all beauty has been eliminated from men's clothes. It seems as though a little variety, if not in the cut at least in the color, of evening dress might be tolerated. It is indisputable that dead black and white are most trying to wear; every one admits that festive occasions demand bright colors; dress reform people have talked themselves black in the face on the subject; even the tailors have tried to introduce changes, but to no effect. The brown and blue dress coats of a few seasons back were distinct failures. Even the Tuxedo, which was a variation if not an improvement, has been relegated to stag parties and informal gatherings. A dress coat is a very solemn piece of furniture. As many rules govern its manufacture, its fit and its use as of old governed the construction of religious paintings. It is a positive crime to put it on before 6 o'clock.



THE FASHIONABLE COAT OF 1800.

It is only a misdemeanor to wear it after sunrise. In the best circles such an eccentricity is charitably overlooked. Ward McAllister, in his great book for the guidance of American youth, lays down one very important dictum. One must never be able to see the tails of his own coat. How one is to manage when the coat is taken off Mr. McAllister does not say. But really there is a great advantage in having a universal, unvarying evening dress. Would that woman-kind were similarly blessed. Imagine a business man pondering, "What shall I wear to the Charity ball?" Just think how mortifying it would be for the impetuous youth to overhear crack remarks such as "There goes Jones in that everlasting old pink and white," or "I wonder when Brown is going to shed that pale blue thing?" It is hard enough to induce the men to go out as it is. If the extra burden of worrying over their clothes were laid upon their society would totter.

There is one reform that might be effected. The waiter might be debarred from wearing the same kind of clothes as the gentlemen. It is annoying to observe a mere waiter wearing a better fitting coat than your escort. To be sure there is a tradition that none but gentlemen ever wear shawl collars, and as the average woman doesn't know a shawl collar when she sees it, that distinction is of little practical value. Something ought to be done. Even a little difference in the cravat or the shirt front or the cut of the vest would be sufficient; or if the waiter could be induced to wear an expression a trifle less distingue and overbearing. Let him forget that he is an Italian count



1810—WORN BY THE PRINCE REGENT'S SET.
temporarily reduced financially, or else let the gentlemen contrive some way to label themselves when they go out evenings.
RIETTA LOUISE CHILDE.

Chased Him for a Year.

One of the chief complaints made by army officers in the United States is that desertions from the ranks are numerous. A soldier who runs away and is caught is punished by imprisonment. This is comparatively a mild penalty, for in Russia desertion means death. Thirty thousand enlisted men were assembled near St. Petersburg the other day to see the execution of a former comrade. He fled a year ago and traveled 4,000 miles to dodge the authorities. It cost \$3,000 to capture him, but it is said that the government would have spent \$30,000 rather than let him get away.

European dentists now include in their advertisements the announcement that they "have adopted all American improvements." This would seem to show that the dentist on this side of the Atlantic leads, while the others follow.

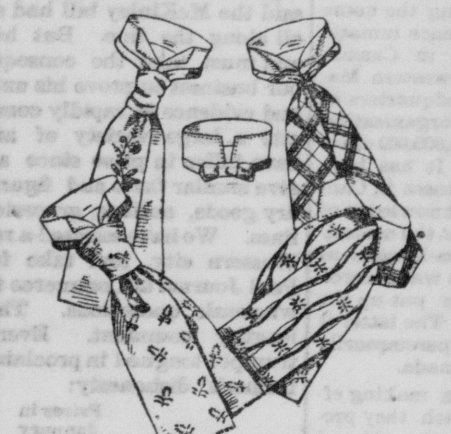
ADORNMENT FOR NECKS.

THE GROWTH OF THE MODERN DEMAND FOR TIES AND SCARFS.

The Fashion of Today Permits Less Profusion of Material and of Gorgeous Coloring Than Was Considered "Correct" by Former Generations.

[Copyright by American Press Association.]

For a little thing that has become a necessity of life the modern necktie is about as interesting an object as one can trace back to early history. The ancients evidently did not believe in bundling up the neck. When cold they protected themselves by a woolen, cotton or silk band, called in Latin "focale"—from the word "fances" (throat)—but no one could venture to use this contrivance

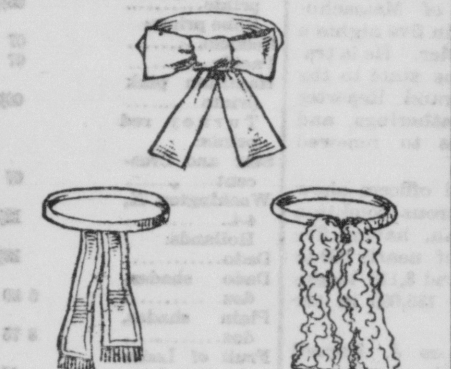


NECKWEAR OF TODAY.

publicly unless he was sick, "in which case he might cover his head and the upper part of his shoulders, and even wear breeches without disgrace." It was allowable, indeed, to protect the throat with the toga in bad weather for the preservation or restoration of the natural temperature, but the white round neck was compared to "the beauty of an ivory tower," and thus we see it unadorned in all the sculpture and paintings that represent these men of the olden time.

Gradually, however, the bare neck became unfashionable. It was at first surrounded by a starched band of fine linen on the upper edge of the shirt, falling back naturally upon the bust, where it was fastened by a small cord. This was the origin of all the different species of collar since used, as well as the innocent parent of the thick, hot folds such as Turvedrop wore, "puffing his very eyes out of their natural shape, and his chin and even his ears so sunk into it that it seemed as if he must inevitably double up if it were cast loose." Ruffs, stiffened or plaited, single or in many rows, followed and lasted as long as short hair was in fashion. They were characteristic of the reign of Elizabeth, but were succeeded by the neckcloth during the reign of Charles II, which began in 1660. The ends were of rich lace and fell in a broad fold over the chest; others were twisted and the ends drawn through a ring.

The latter was called "a Steinkirk." The Steinkirk was so named from the battle of that name in 1693, on which occasion the young French nobles had no time to arrange their lace "cravattes."

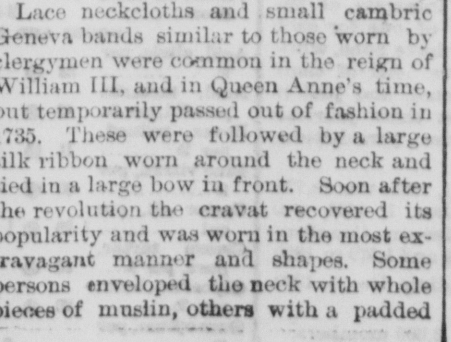


STYLES FROM 1690 TO 1735.

owing to the surprise of their outposts by the allies. In France, when Louis XIII allowed his hair to grow, the cumbersome ruff was followed by standing collars embroidered and pinked, and plaited collarettes, laced or pointed, encompassed the neck chin deep. Subsequently Louis XIV adopted enormous periwigs which hardly left the throat visible, and then ribbons tied in brilliant bows took the place of the splendid envelopes of his predecessor. After this came the epoch of constriction and compression introduced by the cravat.

This instrument of fashionable torture is referred to by Cromwell, writing from Ely, in 1648: "Bring me two pair of boot hose from the Fleming who lives in London lane; also a new cravat." It is also mentioned by Dryden in 1674 as an extreme fashion. "The fashion was introduced in France by a foreign regiment composed of Croats, in whose singular costume was one thing greatly admired and imitated, namely, a bandage at the neck consisting of common stuff for the soldiers and of muslin or silk for the officers. The ends were arranged in a bow or garnished with a tuff or tasseled and hung not ungracefully over the breast. At first it was called a "croate," and afterward, by corruption, a "cravatte." By the military and the rich it was worn with the borders embroidered or edged with broad lace. That of the soldiers consisted of a scrap of cloth or cotton bound around the neck by two small cords. Afterward the place of these cords was supplied by a buckle, and cravats took the name of stocks. Until a comparatively recent date leather stocks were worn in the United States and English armies. They still survive among some of the stately old gentlemen who cling to the relics of the early part of the century.

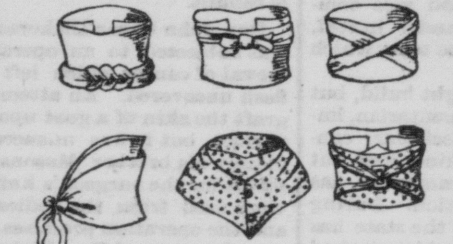
Lace neckcloths and small cambric Geneva bands similar to those worn by clergymen were common in the reign of William III, and in Queen Anne's time, but temporarily passed out of fashion in 1735. These were followed by a large silk ribbon worn around the neck and tied in a large bow in front. Soon after the revolution the cravat recovered its popularity and was worn in the most extravagant manner and shapes. Some persons enveloped the neck with whole pieces of muslin, others with a padded



cushion, on which were wrapped numerous folds, so that at times the neck appeared to be larger than the head. The shirt collar arose above the ears and the chin and mouth were buried deep in the cravat, affording many a subject for caricature. It was impossible to incline the head in any direction, and to look anywhere except straightforward necessitated the turning of the whole body. After the year 1789, however, more moderation in taste prevailed, and the familiar pictures of Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Adams and their presidential successors give one a better idea than any verbal description can do of the changes that succeeded.

Until about 1820 cravats were made very wide in the center and tapered off toward the ends. Still later they were worn narrow, often crossed in the front and secured by a breastpin of large dimensions, a greater variety of patterns and materials also being introduced in their manufacture. Dickens, in describing John Chivery, speaks of "a chaste neckerchief much in vogue in those days, representing a preserve of lilac pheasants on a buff ground," while from the same author we know that one of the Cheery-ble brothers "wore his coat buttoned, and his dimpled white chin rested in the folds of a white neckerchief—not one of your stiff, starched, apocryphal cravats, but an easy, old fashioned, white neckcloth that a man might go to bed in and be none the worse for wear."

Sixty years ago dress was a much more important matter than it is now, and the dandy of 1825 had more at stake than his brother of 1891. A mistake in the form or color of a cravat is not today a crime; then it seriously affected a man's social standing. Colored cravats were only admitted as parts of an undress costume; to be on equal at a ball or soiree one must wear white. The names of styles were as common in those days as they are now. We read of "the oriental," in the form of a turban, stiff with starch and whalebone; the "cravate a l'Americaine," which presented the appearance of "a column destined to support a Corinthian capital, and held the neck as if in a vise," the prevailing color being sea green or striped blue, red and



"THE MODES" EARLY IN THIS CENTURY. white; the "Byron" cravat, ending in a bow or rosette, but free and easy around the neck; the "cravate mathematique," grave and severe in style, the slightest wrinkle being strictly prohibited; the "cravate de gastronome," a loose, elastic bundle of muslin that yielded to the vacillation of the jaws, and possessed the advantage of being easily loosened in cases of indigestion or apoplexy. There were eighteen ways of tying a cravat; with knots and without knots, sometimes with triple knots, and not infrequently ending in a ruffle or a waterfall. A properly equipped traveler in the early part of the century carried a box containing a dozen pure white, a dozen striped white and a dozen colored cravats, two whalebone stiffeners and a small iron to press the folds into shape.

Gradually these old fashions have given place to the modern scarf and necktie, which may be generalized under three heads—the puff, the flat and the simple knot of evening dress. They take any popular name that gives them individuality. The taste in wearing them varies according to the wearer. As a rule, wealthy men care the least about dress. Some are satisfied to be simply neat, and some do not care to be even that. President Arthur was always dressy, but never ostentatious; Grant always bought plain black neckties; Cleveland is simplicity itself, and contents himself with a hand tied neckerchief. Edmunds of Vermont, Hale of Maine, Hawley of Connecticut, and Hampton and Butler of South Carolina, are quiet dressers.

The same may be said of many famous men in the commercial walks of life—Gould, George Vanderbilt, Depew, the Rockefellers, and others who move in the group of millionaires. Actors, club men and those who mingle much in society run to bright colors, though rarely in harmonious with the rest of their costume. It goes without saying that the demand for changing styles and patterns



WORN BY CHARLES I WHEN EXECUTED, gives employment to thousands of girls in the workshops, and that whatever may be the popular fad some one is sure to be the gainer.
FELIX GREGORY DE FONTAINE.

Still Vigorous at a Great Age.

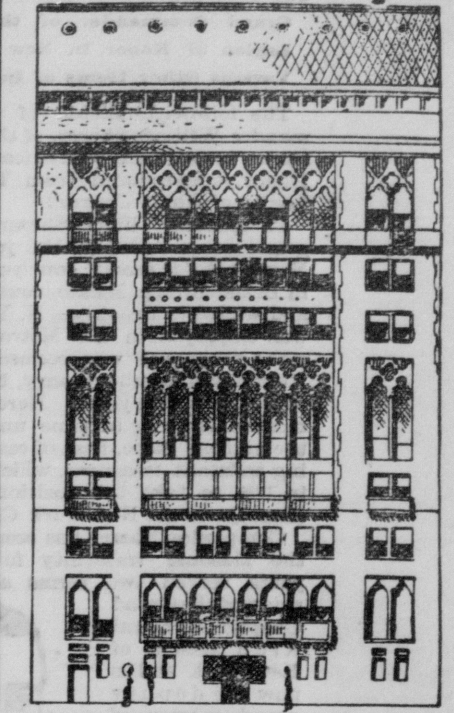
A century ago, when 2 years of age, David J. Williams, of Saratoga, N. Y., "spoke a piece" for the first time before admiring friends and relatives. He was then an infant prodigy. He duplicated the triumph of his long vanished childhood the other day by reciting at a school dedication those familiar lines, "You'd scarce expect one of my age to speak in public on the stage." The quotation embodies a truth. One would indeed "scarce expect" a man of 102 to figure as a speaker and master of ceremonies at a popular gathering.

A Columbian memorial, designed by J. Allen Whyte, of Chicago, for the exposition, would have a star shaped building surrounded by a dome 400 feet high and this in turn surmounted by a tower whose top would be 1,492 feet from the base.

A PALATIAL CLUB HOUSE.

The Proposed New Home of the Chicago Athletic Association.

The handsome building, a picture of which appears in this article, is the new club building of the Chicago Athletic Association, now in course of erection at joining the Paris Galleries, on Michigan avenue, Chicago. The building will be

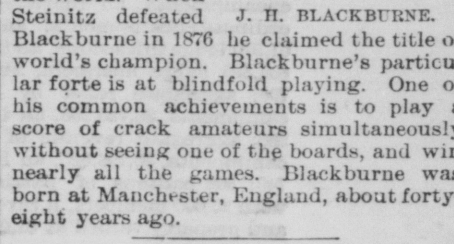


CHICAGO ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION'S HOME. ten stories in height and cover a ground space of 80 by 172 feet. The total cost of this magnificent structure and its equipment will be \$500,000, and in size and luxuriousness the Chicago building will, it is said, overshadow all other athletic homes in America, not excepting the palatial quarters of the Manhattan Athletic club, of New York.

The building is on the Lake Front, and all floors above the eighth will overlook the waters of Lake Michigan. The structure will have a model gymnasium and every convenience to be found in similar club houses. The Chicago Athletic association has already a membership of about 1,500.

Blindfold Chess Player Blackburne.

A recent visitor at New York was J. H. Blackburne, the world famous English blindfold chess player, who was en route to Havana, Cuba, where he will soon play a series of blindfold and orthodox chess games under the auspices of the Havana Chess club. His probable opponents will be Senor Golmayo, the champion of Cuba; Senor Vasquez, the Mexican champion, and Capt. McKenzie. Blackburne has been prominent in the chess world for over twenty years, during which time he has met and defeated many of the best men in the world. When Steinitz defeated Blackburne in 1882 he claimed the title of world's champion. Blackburne's particular forte is at blindfold playing. One of his common achievements is to play a score of crack amateurs simultaneously without seeing one of the boards, and win nearly all the games. Blackburne was born at Manchester, England, about forty-eight years ago.



SPORTING NOTES.

Bicycling on the ice is a new "fad" among wheelmen. J. Wing, of Ottawa, recently rode half a mile on a solid tired safety in 38½ seconds. The last quarter was covered in 36 seconds.

The championship match between the great Australian rowers, Stanbury and McLean, will be rowed April 28 on the Parmatta river. The stakes are \$1,000 a side.

T. B. Turner and H. G. Hallock, of the Princeton University Harriers, recently broke the college record for eight miles. Their time was 52 minutes, 8 minutes better than that of Roddy.

It is announced that Frank P. Slavin and Charley Mitchell may visit America in February and commence a sparring tour through the United States.

The new director of boating at the Manhattan Athletic club, New York city, is F. R. Fortmeyer, secretary of the Middle States Regatta association. Two of the Manhattan's new honorary members are Governor David B. Hill and Col. Robert G. Ingersoll.

During 1890 5,515 names were added to the League of American Wheelmen. The league now has 17,650 members.

It is said that Mayor Smith, of Providence, R. I., has resolved to stop further prize fighting at the Gladstone club in that city.

The "shortstop" billiard tournament, open to all American players except Jacob Schaefer and George F. Slosson, will be opened at Chicago Feb. 16. Ives, Magdol, Carter and other cracks will probably compete. The games will be 400 points, 14 inch balk line. The first prize will be \$500.

James J. McLaughlin, the crack lacrosse player and organizer of the Independents, the best team America ever saw, died at Boston recently. He was only 24 years of age.

A match between Louis Cyr, the strong man of Canada, and Sandow, the London giant, is one of the sporting events scheduled for the near future. They will compete for a trophy and the heavy weight lifting championship of the world.

Willie Day, the champion cross country runner of America, has permanently retired from the arena upon the order of his physician.

A rule has been passed by the Amateur Athletic union which provides that no athlete shall be expelled until he has seen a copy of the charges against him.

A one legged bicyclist in Coventry, England, is credited with having recently performed the remarkable feat of riding ninety-six miles in eleven hours.

A big wrestling tournament, engineered by "Parson" Davies, will come off at Chicago in February. It will be a catch-as-catch-can style and open to the world. The winner will receive \$3,000 and a championship belt.

Lieut. Henn, the famous yachtman and owner of the Galatea, is now in the United States. He will endeavor to secure such a modification of the new deed of gift that another race for the America Cup may be held in the near future. It will be remembered that the Galatea was defeated by the Mayflower in 1886.

Every Man, Woman and Child IN MASSILLON,

is cordially invited to visit

OUR NEW STORE TO-DAY.

THE DAY IN CONGRESS.

THE NICARAGUA CANAL BILL UP IN THE SENATE.

Mr. Vest Made a Long Speech in Opposition to the Bill—Over 100 House Pension Bills Passed—Democrats Under the Lead of Mr. McMillin, Resorted to Dilatory Tactics in the House and Left the Chamber in a Body in Order to Defeat a Resolution.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 21.—The senate Friday, after the transaction of routine business, proceeded to the consideration of pension bills, and in the space of forty-five minutes 120 house pension bills were passed. The Nicaragua canal bill was then taken up giving the guarantee of the United States government to the company's 4 per cent. bonds to the amount of \$100,000,000. This bill was read in full, and Mr. Edmunds, in the absence of Mr. Sherman, took charge of the bill. Mr. Vest, in opposing the bill, disclaimed any hostility to the Nicaragua canal project. At the risk of misconstruction he asserted that no greater calamity could come upon the world than a war between the United States and Great Britain. In the face of the question he was considering, it did not matter as to the public opinion in the United States, except as to whether the American people would justify a war with Great Britain in order to pass the pending bill. If Great Britain had at any time conceded that the Clayton-Bulwer treaty had been, by any act of hers, abrogated and was now null and void, he would be glad to have it pointed out to him. Mr. Vest gave notice of an amendment providing that the chief of engineers of the army shall have the supervision and control of the construction of the canal, and that the work shall be subject to the laws, rules and regulations of congress or of the war department. Without any action upon it the senate, after a short executive session, adjourned.

Proceedings in the House.
In the house Mr. Cannon, of Illinois, reported a resolution for the immediate consideration of business reported from the committee on the judiciary, the first bill to be taken up to be the bill for the relief of the supreme court with senate amendments and the next the bill to fix the salaries of United States judges. The question of consideration was raised by Mr. Breckinridge. By a vote of yeas, 111; nays, 79, the house decided to consider the resolution. A motion to table the resolution was lost. Mr. Cannon then took the floor and stated that he would say but a few words as to the merits of the proposition. Mr. McMillin inquired of Mr. Cannon whether his object was not to prevent the forty minutes' debate allowed under the rules after the previous question was ordered. Mr. Cannon said that

He Would Answer Frankly in the affirmative. Mr. McMillin responded that if that was the programme to be pursued the Democrats would meet it at every point. [Democratic applause.] This was a proposition to take care of Republican dead ducks and was an effort to increase salaries, while the Republican party was "lingering superfluous on the stage" after the people had denounced it. On the demand for the previous question, and having demanded the yeas and nays, Mr. McMillin, by a signal of his hand, directed the Democrats, who were in the back rooms, to rally to his support. Having accomplished Mr. McMillin's object the Democrats once more disappeared. The speaker announced that the senate amendment had been non-concurred in by a vote of 166 to 0.

A Conference Was Ordered.
The house then proceeded to the consideration of the bill fixing the salaries of United States district judges. The resolution was then agreed to—yeas, 165; nays, 4—and under its provisions the court bill was immediately taken up for consideration and the speaker put the question whether the senate amendment should be non-concurred in. Mr. McMillin opposed the bill as being extravagant in its appropriation. He had never seen anything like the prodigality of this congress in the history of the country. The prodigal son, if he arose from his tomb, would blush because congress had outdone him in prodigality. He apologized to the prodigal son for having compared him to the present congress. [Laughter.] Mr. Chandler, of Indiana, also opposed the bill. The house took a recess until 8 o'clock, the evening session being for the consideration of private pension bills.

Aged Lady Burned to a Crisp.
PLAIN CITY, O., Feb. 21.—Mrs. S. Norton, the aged mother of Daniel Norton, in trying to replenish the fire in the night, in a temporary spell of weakness fell into the fire place and was burned to a crisp.

CONDENSED OHIO NEWS.
Several months ago Clay Snyder, of Lima, a carpenter, fell from a scaffold at the Solar refinery, sustaining a broken leg, which had to be amputated. Snyder sued the company for \$20,000, and the jury returned a verdict in his favor for \$3,348.

Gen. W. T. Sherman's and Admiral Porter's memorials were celebrated at Zanesville with G. A. R. honors. Flags were placed at half mast and services held at the M. E. church, Rev. T. T. Buell delivering a very effective and impressive address in honor of the dead patriots.

TERRIBLE CRUELTY.

Crucifixion Witnessed by a Sea Captain in Burma.

SAN FRANCISCO, Feb. 21.—Capt. Thomas, of the British ship Merioneth, reports witnessing a horrible sight in Burma, on a recent voyage to this port. A native was caught piloting a party of Englishmen into sacred places, the penalty of which is death. The man was seized and nailed to the nearest tree. In describing the horrible scene Capt. Thomas said: "The poor wretch I saw nailed to the tree lived three days. During that time the natives gathered around him and threw his infamy at him on every occasion. His naked body was covered with mosquitoes, and toward the end his mouth opened and flies crawled over his swollen tongue. Sponges saturated with water were fastened to bamboo canes and held within a few inches of the victim's mouth, and as the scent of the cooling liquid was wafted to his brain the half-unconscious victim would writhe with agony. Toward the end of the third day it was announced that the traitor was dying. After the death of the victim an official, with a spear made from the horn of an antelope, approached the body and drove it into the side, and from the wound flowed blood and water. Immediately after the blood and water began to flow the people dispersed."

CENSUS OFFICE BULLETIN

Giving the Center of Population of the United States in June, 1890.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 21.—The census office has issued a bulletin giving the center of population of the United States in June, 1890, with some discussion of the movements of the center during the past century. By the eleventh census the center of population in 1890 was in Southern Indiana, at a point a little west of south of Greensburg and twenty miles east of Columbus, or forty-eight miles west and nine miles north of where it was in 1880. The closeness with which the center of population during the past 100 years has clung to the parallel of thirty-nine degrees of latitude cannot fail to be noticed. The most northern point reached was at the north in 1790; the most southern point was in 1830, the preceding decade having witnessed a rapid development of population in the southwest.

EXPLOSION AND FIRE.

A Steamer Wrecked with Eleven Persons Aboard, Injuring Two.

PARKERSBURG, W. VA., Feb. 21.—The boiler of the steamer Onida exploded on the Kanawha river near Newark. There were seven passengers aboard the boat and her crew numbered eleven. The explosion tore away the rear and middle cabins and caused the greatest consternation among the passengers. None of them were injured, however. The steamer caught fire immediately after the explosion, but luckily the boat floated ashore. William King, engineer, and J. R. Ritbone were terribly burned by escaping steam. A steamer rescued the passengers and crew and brought the wounded men here. The boat is a complete wreck.

THE WEATHER IN THE WEST.

Terrible Sleet, Hail and Rain Storm is Delaying Travel and Doing Damage.

CHICAGO, Feb. 21.—Reports received here show that a terrible sleet, hail and rain storm is raging from the Allegheny Mountains as far west as Kansas. In portions of Illinois and Iowa fruit trees have broken down under the weight of ice, and street cars were forced to suspend traffic. In Wisconsin the snow storm was general and caused considerable delay to trains. In South Dakota and many points in Western and Southern Minnesota the heaviest storm of the winter is raging, and the railroads are having serious delay in moving trains. Telegraphic communication in several states is almost at a standstill.

A Million Frightfully Scalded.

PITTSBURGH, Feb. 21.—Thomas Welsh, a mill worker employed by Jones & Laughlins, was frightfully scalded yesterday. He was standing near the squeezers, and stepped forward without looking where he was going. His right leg slipped into the pit, and the flesh on that member partly boiled before he could be rescued. He bore the torture bravely, but could not suppress the cries which the pain forced from him. It was nearly an hour before he could be taken to his home at the head of South Twenty-eighth street.

A Coaster Meets a Terrible Death.

BURLINGTON, VT., Feb. 21.—While coasting down Howard street a sled with fifteen persons ran into a snow bank, near the railroad track, throwing the coasters in all directions. A projecting rod of a switch pierced Mrs. John Fetene's left eye and, entering the brain, caused instant death. Mrs. Lizzie Wynne sustained a broken knee and collar bone, and three others were slightly injured.

LATE NEWS IN BRIEF.

A cablegram received in New York by W. R. Grace & Co., from Caliao, says that the Chilean revolutionists captured Iquique on the 17th inst.

The French newspapers have shown a marked coolness in their treatment of the visit of the ex-Emperor Frederick of Germany, and her daughter to Paris.

The loyal legion at Philadelphia has issued a circular recommending the erection on the battle field of Gettysburg of a composite monument of Gen. Meade and his corps of commanders of the army of the Potomac, to cost \$200,000.

GENERAL TRADE REVIEW.

STILL MUCH UNCERTAINTY ABOUT THE FUTURE OF TRADE.

The Volume of Business is Larger in Values, but the Advance in Prices Has Been Greater—Output of Iron Smaller Than Last Year—Foreign Trade, Both in Imports and Exports, Below Last Year's—The Iron Market Improving—The Coal Trade Dull.

NEW YORK, Feb. 21.—R. G. Dun & Co.'s Weekly Review of Trade says: There is still much uncertainty about the future of trade. The volume of business is larger in values than a year ago, but the advance in prices has been still greater, showing decrease in quantities moved. This is mainly due to the shortness of crops, but the output and movement of iron are also much smaller than a year ago and the foreign trade here is falling below last year's, both in imports and exports. On the other hand, wool manufactures is flourishing and the cotton manufacture is in good shape. The tone of reports from other cities is generally favorable. Trade is dull at Memphis and Atlanta and fair only at New Orleans; the prospect is bright at Savannah, and trade is of good volume at St. Louis and fairly healthy at Kansas City. St. Paul and Minneapolis have active trade. At Omaha trade is fair; at Milwaukee it is improving. Chicago notes

Large Increase in Wheat Movement, but heavy decrease in dressed beef, lard, hides and wool. The tributary region is considered healthy, confidence is strong and money plenty among dealers. Detroit notes quiet trade, but at Cleveland and Pittsburgh some improvement in iron is noted. At Cincinnati trade is average, but especially good in dry goods and with the south. Philadelphia notes fair activity in combining wool, but orders for woolen goods are generally small. At Boston wool is firm and general business good. The exports of cotton continue above last year's, as well as the receipts, but wheat and flour exports fall far behind, and the movement in provisions shows little increase. For the present foreign trade is slackening, though a change in prices might soon enlarge it. There is a

Stronger Tone in the Iron Market

here, at Philadelphia and at the west, but it is not clear that it has any other basis than the apprehended reduction of output in consequence of the great coke strike. Moreover, at a very small advance, large blocks of Virginia Alabama iron are offered at prices which paralyze the market, while steel rails are inactive. The trade in bar iron is very unsatisfactory, and orders for plate, sheet and structural iron are small or only fair. The coal market is depressed by the enormous output. Sales of wool continue large, at Philadelphia exceeding last year's by about 60 per cent., and at New York a little, while at Boston the increase is still heavy.

The business failures occurring throughout the country during the past seven days number for the United States 249 and for Canada 46, or a total of 295 as compared with a total of 297 last week and 306 the week previous to the last. For the corresponding week of last year the figures were 271, representing 230 failures in the United States and 41 in Canada.

THE CONTRACT AWARDED.

The West Virginia and Pittsburgh Railroad Will be Completed.

CLARKSBURG, W. VA., Feb. 21.—The contract for the building of the balance of the line of the West Virginia and Pittsburgh railroad from Shanersville to Williams river has been awarded, and about 100 men passed through here to go to work on the extension. The total length of this new piece of road will be about thirty-seven miles. Shanersville is a small village a short distance from Sutton, the present terminal of the road. From there the line will run along Laurel creek to Williams river, where the immense timber tracks of the company are located. The line between Weston and Sutton is completed, and the Buckhannon branch has been finished to Newton, about twenty-five miles. The continuation of this branch to Florence, as well as the Williams river extension, will be finished and ready for operation within the next eight months.

SCRANTON IS AGITATED.

Lawyer Breck Granted a Divorce from His Wife for Desertion.

SCRANTON, Pa., Feb. 21.—Upper circles of society in this place are much agitated over the announcement that Charles Dupont Breck had been granted a divorce from his wife, Mrs. Mary Duer Breck. The couple belong to the most exclusive "set." Mr. Breck is a prominent lawyer and one of the wealthiest citizens of Scranton. He also stands well in politics, and was a strong candidate for congress last fall. Mrs. Breck has for ten years resided in New York, where she occupies elegant quarters. The announced ground for the divorce is desertion, but as the papers are carefully withheld it is thought that there are some interesting features in the case.

Coal Miners' Strike Ends.

MANSFIELD, Pa., Feb. 21.—The strike at Bell's No. 2 pit is now over. All the men employed commenced work again.

It will be a sight worth seeing! The splendid fixtures! The superb new stock! All the very latest styles! And the remarkable low price plainly marked on each article! For the new store shall mark a new era in the clothing trade of Massillon! We shall make

One Lowest Universal Price

to all! And that price shall be lower than our lowest competitor's! We propose to give to the people here, greater values than they have ever been offered before, and we start the new store with the

Largest, Finest and Handsomest Stock

of fresh bought clothing ever brought to this city. Call on us to-day and see how well we are prepared to back these promises!

You will be Welcome

GOODHARTS

MODEL

ONE PRICE CLOTHING HOUSE

THE WORLD OF WANTS



This column is the best read department in THE INDEPENDENT. The publishers are able to guarantee a careful reading of every advertisement inserted. Its usefulness has been particularly well proven in cases of articles lost and found. Hundreds of dollars worth of missing property have, through this medium, been restored to its owners. Copy must be left not later than 10 a. m. to insure insertion the same day. An even charge of 25 cents is made for six publications, advertisement not to exceed four lines.

LOST.

Please mention The Independent in replying to advertisements under this head.

FOUND.

PLEASE mention The Independent in replying to advertisements under this head.

FOR RENT.

HOUSE—Of eight rooms on corner of Oak and Hill street. Has soft coal furnace, gas fixtures, electric, well and city water, also good stable. K. Russell. 16-17

HOUSE—Of five rooms in good repair conveniently located. Call upon E. A. Jones, 135 East Tremont street. 23-24

HOUSE—Nine room house on East Main street. City water, good electric, good barn and large lot. For further particulars call at Henrich & Kohl's. 16-17

HOUSE—No. 118 E. Main street. Possession given April 1st. Call at premises or at 55 E. Main street. 21-22

PLEASE mention The Independent in replying to advertisements under this head.

WANTED.

ACTIONEER—Anybody requiring the services of an auctioneer, should apply to J. G. Getz. 28

GIRL—A competent girl to do general housework. Mrs. P. Gribble, Corner Hill and Plum streets. 13-16

HOUSE—To rent a small house well located with cellar. Address P. O. Box 107 city. 10-16

LADY in office—Salary \$500. Expenses paid here if engaged—Enclose self addressed stamped envelope. Manager, Lock Box 462, Detroit, Michigan. 1-2-3-4

GENTLEMAN in office—Salary \$750. Expenses paid here if engaged—Enclose self addressed stamped envelope. Manager, Lock Box 462, Detroit, Michigan. 1-2-3-4

PASTRY COOK—An experienced female pastry cook. Wages no consideration to the proper person. Apply at once at Hotel Conrad. 16-17

SECRETARIES and ORGANIZERS—For an assessment order paying \$100 in 6 months at an estimated cost of \$44. Reputable men and women can secure liberal compensation. Address H. D. Reed, American House, Cleveland. 14

SEWING—By the ladies of the Christian church. Plain sewing, quilting, knotting, comfortable, etc. Leave orders with committee, Mrs. Z. W. Shoemaker, Mrs. C. C. Smith, Mrs. John Howell, Mrs. Sue Landis, Mrs. Ella Bruny, Mrs. T. C. Bradley. 12-16

STOVE PLATE MOULDERS—Steady work throughout the year in Rathbone, Sard & Co., new shops at Aurora, Ill. Apply in person or by letter to Capt. James A. Venn, Sup't., Aurora, Ill. 12-16

\$75.00 to \$250.00 A MONTH can be earned by persons preferred who can furnish a home and give their whole time to the business. Space and time may be profitably employed also. A few vacancies in towns and cities. B. F. JOHNSON & CO., 2800 Main St., Richmond, Va.

THE Independent will appreciate mention of this column, by those who find it useful.

For Sale or Rent:

HOUSE—A new house of 5 rooms, elegantly finished interior. Will occupy in Richville Avenue. Inquire at 172 Richville Ave. 24-25

FOR SALE.

HOUSE—A seven room house, No. 19 Wellman street, only five minutes walk from center of town. Any one wishing to purchase, please call at premises. 29-30

HOUSE—A seven roomed house and bath room also a good stable and other necessary out buildings, electric and fruit trees, situated at the corner of Duncan and Green streets. Lot 6x125 feet. Inquire on the premises. 16-17

HOUSE—A 1 1/2 room house, No. 304 N. Clay street, in good repair, also good out-building. Anyone wishing to purchase should call at premises. For sale cheap. 24-25

HOUSE—A 3 room house on E. Main street, No. 288, in good repair also good out building. Any one wishing to purchase should call at premises. G. W. Castleman. 24-25

HOUSE AND LOT—A four room house, No. 416, Cliff street, in good repair. Any one wishing to purchase should call at premises. Edwin Reese. 13-16

HOUSE AND LOT—On West 1st Cherry street, No. 8, at \$300. 12-16

HOUSE AND LOT—Corner Hill and Chestnut street; seven rooms and summer kitchen. Lot 5x115; excellent well of water, electric and city water. Inquire on the premises, No. 88 N. Hill street. 12-16

JERSEY COWS—Two first-class Jersey cows, Apply to P. G. Albright, Administrator. 38

LIESTONE—Crushed limestone for walks, in large or small quantities. Inquire of J. V. R. Skinner. 819-8

MODERN COTTAGE—One of the healthiest and most desirable locations in town, ten rooms, electric and city water, gas, etc.—Five minutes walk from postoffice. Inquire at 38 Wellman street of Mrs. J. F. Paul. 19-20

PLATE GLASS FRONT—The large imported French glass windows and iron columns now constituting front of Diehlman's grocery. Apply at store. 27-28

PIANO—A good square piano. Will sell cheap as I expect to leave town. Mrs. J. F. Paul, No. 22 Wellman street. 30-31

The Independent will be obliged to those who answer advertisement under this head, if they will kindly state that they were attracted by means of this paper.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

Guaranteed Cure for La Grippe.
We authorize our advertised druggist to sell you Dr. King's New Discovery for consumption, coughs and colds, upon this condition. If you are afflicted with la grippe and will use this remedy according to directions, giving it a fair trial and experience no benefit, you may return the bottle and have your money refunded. We make this offer, because of the wonderful success of Dr. King's New Discovery during last season's epidemic. Have heard of no case in which it failed. Try it. Trial bottle free at Z. T. Baitz's drug store. Large size 50c and \$1. 4

CHAMBERLAIN'S Eye and Skin Ointment.

A certain cure for Chronic Sore Eyes, Tetters, Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Old Chronic Sores, Fever Sores, Eczema, Itch, Prairie Scratches, Sore Nipples and Piles. It is cooling and soothing. Hundreds of cases have been cured by it after all other treatment had failed. 25 and 50 cent boxes for sale by Morganthaler & Heister, Massillon, O.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

GRAND PALACE HOTEL, 81 to 83 North Clark Street, CHICAGO. 5 Minutes from court house. Both Plans. Weekly \$3.00. Transients, 50c up. Restaurant by Compagnon, late Chl. Club Chef. Popular Prices. New House. Cut this out for further reference.

Pitcher's Castoria. Children Cry for

Hong Kong TEA CO.

The Hong Kong Tea Company, recently formed in New York, have rented the store, No. 15 East Main street (C. Siebold old stand) as a branch for the purpose of placing before the public their delicious tea. Their method is both novel and unique. The tea is put upon neat caddies and are sold at the uniform price of \$1. Samples free. Special inducements offered to purchasers for a short time only. You are cordially invited to call and examine goods.

TIME TRIES ALL-- "BY THEIR FRUITS YE SHALL KNOW THEM"

UNPRECEDENTED SUCCESS!

930 Patients Now Under Treatment

34 Turned Away by him Pronounced Incurable.

DR. NICHOLLS,

THE CELEBRATED SPECIALIST

PERMANENTLY LOCATED AT

No. 14 North Cleveland Avenue, Near Court House, Canton

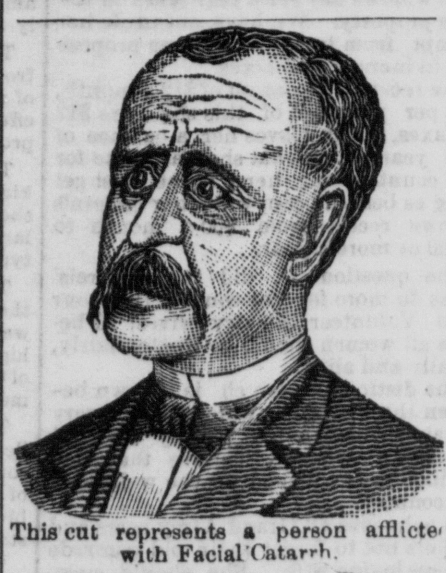
For the treatment and cure of

Chronic Diseases and Diseases Peculiar to Females.

HEALTH Is the Problem of Life

How to preserve it ought to be the study of mankind.

In presenting this notice to the public, I respectfully ask those in whose hands it may fall to give it their careful consideration. Having enjoyed a large and extended practice in Chronic Diseases for many years, I am confident that I am able to perform all that I profess, and that the remedies that I apply are calculated to produce the most satisfactory results. I cordially invite all who may be suffering, no matter what the disorders, to call upon me, and I will most cheerfully tell them if they have any disease and where it is located, and the organ or part affected, free of charge. Charges for Treatment Moderate. The Poor Treated for Half Price.



This cut represents a person afflicted with Facial Catarrh.

CATARRH

In its worst forms, and diseases that are caused by Catarrh, such as

Deafness, Weak Eyes, Hacking Cough, Sore Throat,

Pain in Head, Bronchitis, Constant

Clearing of Throat.

All of which leads to hasty Consumption, are positively cured by DR. NICHOLLS.

Over one-half of the persons troubled with Catarrh have an offensive breath which is very disagreeable and sickening to those with whom they come in close contact. Dr. Nicholls removes the bad breath in three treatments.

SYMPTOMS OF CATARRH

Constant disposition to clear the throat, hacking cough, dimness of sight, pain over the eyes, pain in one or both temples, roaring in ears, pain in the back of the head, nose stopped up, sick stomach, dizziness, poor digestion, no appetite for breakfast, you feel a general depression, imagine you have dyspepsia, liver trouble, lung disease, and you are treated by your physicians for various diseases, yet you get no better, and are advised to change climate, and the matter of a very short time you are a confirmed invalid.

Now, reader, why is this? We will tell you: Catarrh is an ulcer formed in the posterior nerves just above the uvula, the passage between the nose and the throat; the ulcer continues to eat and discharge a poisonous flow of pus, running down the throat into the stomach and lungs. This, my friend, is what causes the constant clearing of the throat. Can you wonder why you do not have good health with all this poisonous matter constantly running into your stomach? The remedy is applied directly to the ulcer, cleanses and heals in a few applications. The treatment is very simple and harmless.

DISEASES OF WOMEN FEMALE WEAKNESS DEBILITY AND ALL DISEASES OF THE EYE AND EAR.

Successfully treated, and a permanent Cure guaranteed in each case. Dr. Nicholls will guarantee a Permanent Cure in each and every case he may undertake of the following diseases, and if your case is not curable he will frankly tell you so: Deafness, Catarrh, Rheumatism, Epilepsy, Cancer, Goitre, (Big Neck) Diseases of the Throat, Lungs and Liver, Nervous and General Debility, Diseases of the Kidneys and Bowels, Heart Diseases, Falling of the Womb, Prolapsus Uteri, Barrenness, Bronchitis, Constipation, Asthma, Night Sweats, Piles, Fissure and all other diseases of the lower Bowels. Also private, special and nervous disease of the Urinary and Sexual Organ.

YOUNG MEN

Who have become victims of solitary vice, that dreaded and destructive habit which annually sweeps to an untimely grave thousands of young men of exalted and brilliant intellect, may call with confidence.

REMARKABLE CURES perfected in all cases which have been neglected or unskillfully treated. No experiments or failures. Parties treated by mail or express, but where possible personal consultation is preferred. Address with stamp enclosed.

Cases and correspondence confidential. Treatment sent O. O. D. to any part of the United States.

Free Examination of the Urine.—Each person applying for medical treatment should send or bring from 2 to 4 ounces of Urine, which will receive a careful and microscopic examination.

CONSULTATION FREE

OFFICE DAYS EVERY DAY EXCEPT SATURDAYS.

AMONG THE CHURCHES.

NEWS NOTES FROM THE VARIOUS LOCAL PULPITS.

A New Rector Sent to Canal Fulton.—The Rev. S. P. Long to take a vacation—Sunday Programmes—General Religious Intelligence.

Gospel temperance meeting at the "Y" rooms to-morrow afternoon at 3 o'clock.

First M. E. church, corner Main and East streets. Preaching at 10:30 a. m. and 7 p. m.; Sunday school at 9:15; young people's service at 6 p. m. A. R. Chapman, pastor. All are welcome.

Sabbath services at the U. B. Church Sunday school 9:15; preaching 10:30 a. m. and 7 p. m. D. G. Davidson, pastor. The second quarterly meeting for the conference year will be held two weeks from Sabbath, March 5th.

The Rev. Mr. Kneuder, late of Rockport, has been sent by Bishop Gilmour to succeed the Rev. E. J. Vattmann at Canal Fulton. The new priest will assume his duties to-morrow. Before leaving Rockport his parishioners there gave him a very handsome testimonial.

Presbyterian church: Sunday school at 9:30 a. m.; preaching 10:30 a. m. and 7 p. m.; Christian Endeavor Society Tuesday evening 7:30; prayer meeting Wednesday evening 7:30 after which the session will meet to receive any new members wishing to unite with the church.

There will be German services 2d St. Paul's on Sunday morning at 10:30. The eighth commandment will be explained. The pastor, S. P. Long, will leave for Allegheny on the 1 o'clock train to deliver the English dedication sermon in the evening of a newly built Lutheran church in Charlestown. From Allegheny the Rev. Mr. Long will start on an extended trip for his health.

There will be preaching both morning and evening in the Sunday school parlors of the new Christian church, corner of East and Oak streets. Morning subject, "Church Finance," evening subject, "Character of Washington as related in Christian character." All are welcome Sunday school at 9:30 a. m., young people's meeting Wednesday evening at 7 o'clock, in the Y. P. S. C. E. room.

The second annual convention of Canton district, Epworth League, convened in the Salem M. E. church, Feb. 16 and 17. The whole number of delegates present exceeded a hundred. With a few exceptions every church in the district was represented. The meetings were very interesting and instructive and well attended by the people of Salem.

The officers for the ensuing year are: President, H. W. Kellogg; first vice president, Chas. S. Speaker; second vice president, Miss Myrtle Leighton; corresponding secretary, J. E. Jacoby; recording secretary, L. H. Hole; treasurer, Miss Jennie Weston; directors, E. A. Simmons, T. F. Phillips and J. M. Keck. With the election of these officers were appointed the following committees: Christian work, Mrs. Mary Marquis, E. K. Roller and Miss Mary Halverson; mercy and help, Miss Carrie D. Kear, John Eklund and N. Thobain; literary work, H. A. Cobbledick, Miss Elva Smith and Miss Quinn; entertainment, H. H. Whiting, L. A. Miller and Miss Lou H. Holm; correspondence, Mr. Buell, Miss Elva Holm and Miss Carrie Stewart; finance, C. D. Stanton, Miss Minnie Shafelt and Miss Jennie Supper; temperance, C. W. Buan, Miss Mabel Powell and Miss Emma Walker; Sabbath observance, J. E. Bonnell, Miss Hattie Marsh and Homer Smith.

CHURCH NEWS AND NOTES.

A church was dedicated in Pittsburg recently which has no pastor, no congregation, no congregation and no members. It is to be known as St. Mark's Memorial Reformed church. The church has been erected in memory of Christian H. Wolf by his brother, at a cost of \$60,000. The church is to be open at all times to all comers. It is said that a pastor and congregation may be acquired by and by.

The membership of the Canadian Methodist church is now 233,968, an increase of 36,399 in four years.

The New York City Mission and Tract society, which is undenominational and whose field of labor is below Fourteenth street, has in its care three English churches, two German, one Italian and one Jewish. During the year 237 members have been added to these churches.

The Christian Endeavor movement is spreading rapidly in Australia. Though the first union is only a year old there is now sufficient membership to form a united society.

Persistence.

A noteworthy element in successful warfare with the Evil One is persistence. The mere pledge of loyalty to Christ, however solemnly made, will of itself win no victories over the Prince of Darkness. The oath of allegiance, to be availing, must be endorsed habitually by loyal words and works. There must be a recognized purpose, and that purpose must be wrought out in action. A conspicuous example of persistence in the battle of life is the apostle Paul. Note his language, as recorded in Phil. iii, 14, 15: "Brethren, but this one thing I do, forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before; I press toward the mark, for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus." At Perga his fellow laborer, John Mark, became frightened and deserted his comrade; but Paul braved all the perils of the way and pressed resolutely into the interior.—Christian at Work.

Mrs. Hayes' Deaconesses' Home.

The Deaconesses' home, to be established in memory of Mrs. Lucy Hayes, the late wife of ex-President Hayes, will be located in Washington. The purpose of the institution is the training and education of deaconesses, and it is proposed to make it a lasting credit to the Methodist denomination.

On and after Monday, Feb. 23, A. J. Richeimer and Geo. Lieberman will sell Cleveland bread in connection with their own manufacture.

Cyclone Rackett, the latest toy out, every boy and girl should have one, only 10c at West Side Variety Bazaar.

THE C. L. & W. COLLISION.

Additional Particulars About the Friday Disaster.

The second chapter about the C. L. & W. collision yesterday is a brief one. An effort was made to day to approximate the property damage sustained by the company, and a very conservative estimate placed it at not to exceed \$15,000. Another employee, more familiar with the subject, said it would amount to fully \$3,000. The track was cleared about 4 o'clock yesterday afternoon and trains run on time.

In a talk with Engineer Eddy to day regarding the rate of speed at which the trains were running he gave it as his opinion that when he first saw the crash of the train, which was then not over fifty yards distant, each train was going about twenty-five miles an hour. It was not more than ten seconds until the crash broke; he says that he put on the air brakes as soon as he saw the other train and that if it had been standing still the collision could have been averted.

Engineer John W. Sharp is resting, easy and comfortable and it is only a question of time until he entirely recovers.

Neighborhood Press.

SIMPLY AN OTTAGIO.

As previously announced citizens of Canton have issued a call for a general meeting of delegates from every township in this county on next Saturday, to consider the erection of a county memorial building at Canton.

Such a building, if built by Canton money, would do credit to the city and would be a very commendable move on the part of Canton citizens, but they attempt to saddle the expense of the county the project assumes an entirely different aspect.

How many men, outside of Canton, would make use of the building during the year? Alliance has provided a building for all the old soldiers of the east end. Will the promoters of this very commendable project be willing to pay out money the second time for the benefit of Canton's G. A. R. men? Of course they won't. It puts Canton in a very tight place. It is to be hoped that the project will not be done if it does not send over a delegation Saturday, to effectually squelch the movement that is now being vigorously pushed by Canton citizens.—Alliance Review.

AMBIDEXTROUS MEN.

The late J. A. Wales used both hands in making those famous cartoons of his. He worked rapidly either way, but preferred to use his left hand rather than his right.

Stephen Girard, the great philanthropist, used both hands with equal facility, although he had a great aversion to exhibiting the faculty in the presence of company.

Some of the best baseball players are two handed men. Kilroy, Clements, Titcomb, Slatery, Getzen, Tom Brown and Bill George all use the left hand naturally.

Napoleon could, on a pinch, use the pen with his left, but this was an acquired rather than a natural faculty, due to an accidental injury to the thumb of the right hand.

Nearly every first class telegraph operator in the country is ambidextrous through acquirement. The right hand is used on the key and the left to "check off" dispatches with pen or pencil.

John Habberton, the author of "Helen's Babies," is a two handed man. When engaged on a long article he changes from one hand to the other every fifteen or twenty minutes, and so avoids fatigue.

Capt. Charles King, the novelist, does the greater part of his writing with his left hand. His brightest thoughts are evolved, he thinks, when the right lobe of his brain calls for the use of the motor muscles of his left side and vice versa.

Urrabietta, of L'Illustration, better known under his non de plume of "Vierge," is not only able to write with each hand at the same rate of speed, but he can write two letters at once. The penmanship of one is running Italian, and the other back hand.

J. O. Davison, the marine artist, is ambidextrous. He "lays on" with his right and does the finer work with his left. One of his peculiarities, it is said, is that he invariably paints the hull and spars of a vessel with his left hand and the sea with his right.

Senator Wolcott, of Colorado, signs committee reports with his left hand and attaches his signature to letters with his right. The senator has his "left handed" and his "right handed" work—that is, he will use the pen for six days with one hand, and for another six days with the other.

Professor George Martin Lane, Pope professor of Latin in Harvard, when at the blackboard begins to write with his left hand, and rubs along until he reaches a point in line with his face. Then he shifts the chalk from his left hand to his right and continues writing until he reaches the end of the blackboard.

SNAP SHOTS.

Dr. Gaylord P. Clark has been chosen by the Syracuse Camera club as its representative in the American Lantern Slide interchange.

On the Duke of Orleans' recent trip he took 400 photographs, which, upon development, showed 350 blanks and fifty unrecognizable scenes.

Lieut. F. S. Strong, United States army, of the Michigan military academy, recently succeeded in photographing a shell as it left the mouth of an 8-inch mortar.

Mr. N. W. Starbird, of the Boston Camera club, has succeeded in making a solution which both fixes and tones a silver print in one immersion. The result shows are excellent.

The lantern slide committee of the Society of Amateur Photographers is experimenting with the screen upon which pictures are shown. The idea now is to throw the pictures through the screen and not on it, so that it may be placed in the center of the room and the views observed from both sides with equal convenience.

For Rheumatism.

The best preparation is Scotch Sarsaparilla, a physician's prescription, and it has been used for years in private practice with the greatest success. 50 cents per bottle, 50 doses. Scotch Liver Pills, 25 cents. For sale by Morgenthaler & Heister.

On and after Monday, Feb. 23, A. J. Richeimer and Geo. Lieberman will sell Cleveland bread in connection with their own manufacture.

Cyclone Rackett, the latest toy out, every boy and girl should have one, only 10c at West Side Variety Bazaar.

ECHOES FROM THE SHOPS.

A FINE DESCRIPTION OF A FINE STRUCTURE.

The Detailed Arrangement of the Most Recent Addition to Russell & Co.'s Works—The City Treasurer Pays His Respects to the Boys.

When, last year, great blocks of stone were rolled into the long trenches made for the foundation of a building 320 feet long and 84 feet wide, and strong brick walls began to grow up around the old structures that had done good service so many years, and those massive central columns began to push away the old roof to reach their towering heights, and the old walls seemed to melt away or merge themselves into the new, it was plain that there was some big work and close application of thought to the surmounting of the difficulties attending the herculean task of erecting the new building around, above and on the very site of the old, to take the place of the latter when completed, without disturbing to any considerable extent the regular motion of the wheels of any department of Russell & Co.'s works. There was, however, even with those who were daily witnesses to the progress of the new building, a conception of the grand transformation that would follow throughout the entire institution.

To those not actually in the circle it was impossible to see the boiler department with its present convenient arrangements on the first floor of the new building, and the farm engine machine shop and erecting room on the first floor of the west end, with a traveling crane over both that will lift anything loose at both ends, not to mention numerous other improvements. Nor was it known that the sheet iron room would have commodious quarters on the second floor of the north side, and the nut and bolt room on the second floor of the south side, and that the saw-mill erecting room would be established in the west side of Erie street in comfortable and ample apartments.

The purposes of these changes are most obvious in the obvious fact that they have been accomplished of each distinct branch of work into departments. The automatic engine machine shop and erecting room virtually in one building, as is the case with farm engine work in the new building; the machine shop for saw-mill and stacker work in another room, the tool room easy of access on the first floor; the pattern room enlarged by the space formerly occupied by the tool room upstairs; the blacksmith department so arranged by the addition at the east end that when the iron or steel leaves the presses from the stock room it is taken out at the other end of the department without unnecessary handling for to required shape for whatever use intended, and by this systematic arrangement of departments is afforded, in the room directly opposite the main office, space for the erection of an engine, the blacksmith department, the tool room, the pattern room, the sheet iron room, the nut and bolt room, the saw-mill erecting room, the machine shop for saw-mill and stacker work in another room, the tool room easy of access on the first floor; the pattern room enlarged by the space formerly occupied by the tool room upstairs; 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